CRIME EXPOSED

JUNE
No. 1 10
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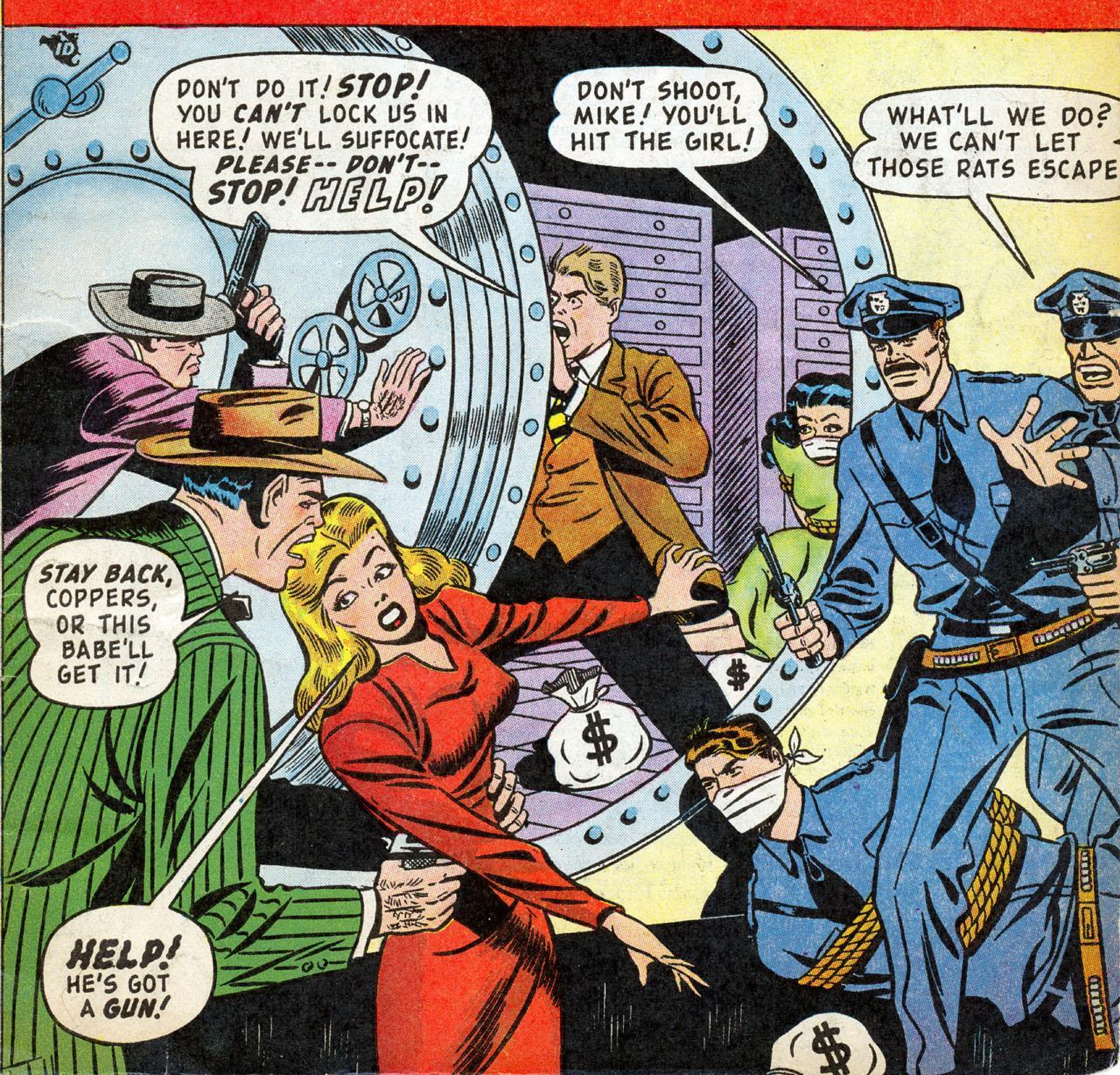
DON'T DO IT! STOP! YOU CAN'T LOCK US IN HERE! WE'LL SUFFOCATE! PLEASE-- DON'T-- STOP! HELP!
DON'T SHOOT, MIKE! YOU'LL HIT THE GIRL!
WHAT'LL WE DO? WE CAN'T LET THOSE RATS ESCAPE
STAY BACK, COPPERS, OR THIS BABE'LL GET IT!
HELP! HE'S GOT A GUN!
$
$
$

HAVE FUN! GET LAUGHS.. AMAZE FRIENDS

So-Called ELECTRIC JOY BUZZER

Tickles and seems to shock them. The Joy Buzzer can be concealed in the palm of your hand after slipping a ring over one of your fingers. When you shake hands with anyone they touch off a mechanism that causes it to tickle, which to some seems like a shocking sensation. Only 69c. Order by No. 669.

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

Amazing New Midget ADDING MACHINE FITS VEST POCKET

Adds, Divides, Subtracts, Multiplies--So Simple, So Easy to Use! Does work of higher priced adding machines. Durable handsome leatherette case. Send for MIDGET ADDING MACHINE. On arrival, pay postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Test 10 days, and if you don't say it's the greatest bargain ever, return for MONEY BACK. See address below. Order by No. 141

NOW $2.89 ONLY

GUARANTEED GENUINE 2½-POWER BINOCULARS

Have a close-up view of far-off events with these sensationally low-priced, all purpose, lite-weight, heavy duty, plastic binoculars. (Neck-strap with each pair.) TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK and be amazed at their power and beauty or refund guaranteed. SEND NO MONEY—pay postman $2.89 plus 20% Federal tax and postage or enclose $2.89 plus tax and we pay postage. DON'T WAIT—SUPPLY IS LIMITED—DEMAND IS GREAT. RUSH YOUR ORDER

COMB-A-TRIM

Something *new*! Trim your hair just like you comb your hair! Also removes hair from legs, arms, etc. Save on hair-cuts. Trim your own hair and family's too! Only 89c. Order by No. 534.

NOW BROADCAST IN YOUR HOME WITH THIS AMAZING

RADIO "MIKE"

Sensational new invention attaches to your radio. Speak into Mike and your own voice comes through the speaker, as if *you* were broadcasting! Astound your friends as *your* voice comes over the 'air'. No one can tell the difference unless you give the joke away! Amazing "MIKE" looks just like a real microphone. Get one today! Just $1.49. Order by number. No. 641.

16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR

Hand Operated

Show your own movies at home. Easy to use.

Safe. 100-foot film capacity. Uses regular home type electric light bulb. Wide choice film available. Use order coupon. Only $7.95. No. 808.

LIARS MEDALS

BARRELS OF FUN

MEDAL FOR LYING

Man, hang this medal on your friends! Be president of your local Liars Club! When stories get "too tall," you'll convulse everybody with laughter when you pin on the medal. Only 25c. Order by No. 142.

SQUIRT RING

Sure fire joke to play on your friends! Mention your new ring and as they look closely—squirt stream of water in their face! So real, so innocent looking they never suspect. Only 69c. No. 669.

AMAZING NEW "TOGETHER" LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP RING

A beautiful emblem of love, friendship and good wishes. This ring is sterling silver; which becomes more attractive as it is worn. The hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

Send no money now, just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately. You pay postman only $2.49 plus a few cents postage, and tax on arrival. SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK.

LEARN to DANCE

Why be a lonely, unpopular wallflower when you can learn all the smart dances from the most modern to old favorites at home in private without teacher, music or partner. So easy even a child can learn quickly. This book should teach you in five days—or no cost. See order coupon. Only $1.00.

DRIBBLE GLASS

Make your drinking friends drool! Looks just like ordinary glass until tipped, water dribbles through slits in side! No one can detect it! Roaring laughs everytime! No. 582, just 49c.

American Rangers... MACHINE GUN

This amazing new gun looks and makes a noise like a real machine gun. 25 in. long. Completely SAFE. An outstanding buy that will make every real boy happy. Only $3.98. No. 980.

AMAZING *Beautiful* HORSE-SHOE RING

Men! This handsome ring hand made, hand engraving, inlaid with simulated pearl, is a knockout! Monel metal is guaranteed for twenty years. Supply is limited. Rush your order, send no money. Price only $2.98 plus Excise tax and postage. Order by No. 200.

Now Play this New HARMONICA In 15 Minutes OR MONEY BACK

HARMONICA Instruction Book

You Can Now Get This Brand New Golden-Tone Harmonica *PLUS* Simplified Course of Instruction that *Quickly* Teaches You to Play Song Hits of Every Kind for only $1.49.

If you can hum a tune you can learn to play. Not a toy, but a real musical instrument. Order No. 624.

Amazing MAGIC PENCIL

Multiplies and Divides INSTANTLY

Get the right answer every time! Mistakes are impossible with this handy new invention! Divides up to 144, multiplies any primary number in a flash. Fits conveniently on pencil. Send no money—on arrival pay postman just 49c plus postage. Check No. 593 on coupon!

MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER Fill in the names and have a lot of fun fooling your friends and "kidding" them. It's a simulated printed Marriage License, size of the usual genuine license. Price only 15c. Ask for Marriage License Fooler. Order by No. 162.

CRAZY MIRROR

Hilarious new novelty! Distorts face into amazing shapes! Gets more laughs than anything you've ever seen. Makes new friends, amuses old! Get one today. Just 29c. Check No. 564 on coupon below.

HOW TO ORDER

Simply state item desired and price and mail your order to HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. If cash comes with order, we pay postage; if C.O.D. postage is extra. Every item is fully guaranteed and may be returned in 10 days for refund if not satisfied. If you only want a *FREE CATALOG*, write name and address on a penny postcard.

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 542
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me the items I have checked below:

☐	669 JOY BUZZER	.69
☐	141 MIDGET ADDING MACHINE	2.98
☐	716 BINOCULARS	2.89
☐	534 COMB-A-TRIM	.89
☐	641 RADIO MIKE	1.49
☐	808 HAND OPERATED PROJECTOR	7.95
☐	142 LIARS MEDAL	.25
☐	609 SQUIRT RING	.69
☐	522 FRIENDSHIP RING	2.49
☐	117 LEARN TO DANCE	1.00
☐	582 DRIBBLE GLASS	.49
☐	980 MACHINE GUN	3.98
☐	200 HORSESHOE RING	2.98
☐	624 HARMONICA	1.49
☐	593 MAGIC PENCIL	.49
☐	162 MARRIAGE LICENSE FOOLER	.15
☐	564 CRAZY MIRROR	.29

Due to labor conditions it is impossible to handle orders that total less than $1.00—so please make certain your order amounts to at least $1.00.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ ZONE_____ STATE_____

USE THIS SPECIAL ORDER BLANK ➡

CRIME EXPOSED is published bi-monthly by POSTAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. Office of Publication: 366 Madison Avenue, New York 7, N. Y. Application for second-class entry under the Act of March 3, 1879 pending at the post office at New York, N. Y. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Vol. 1, No. 1, JUNE 1948 issue.

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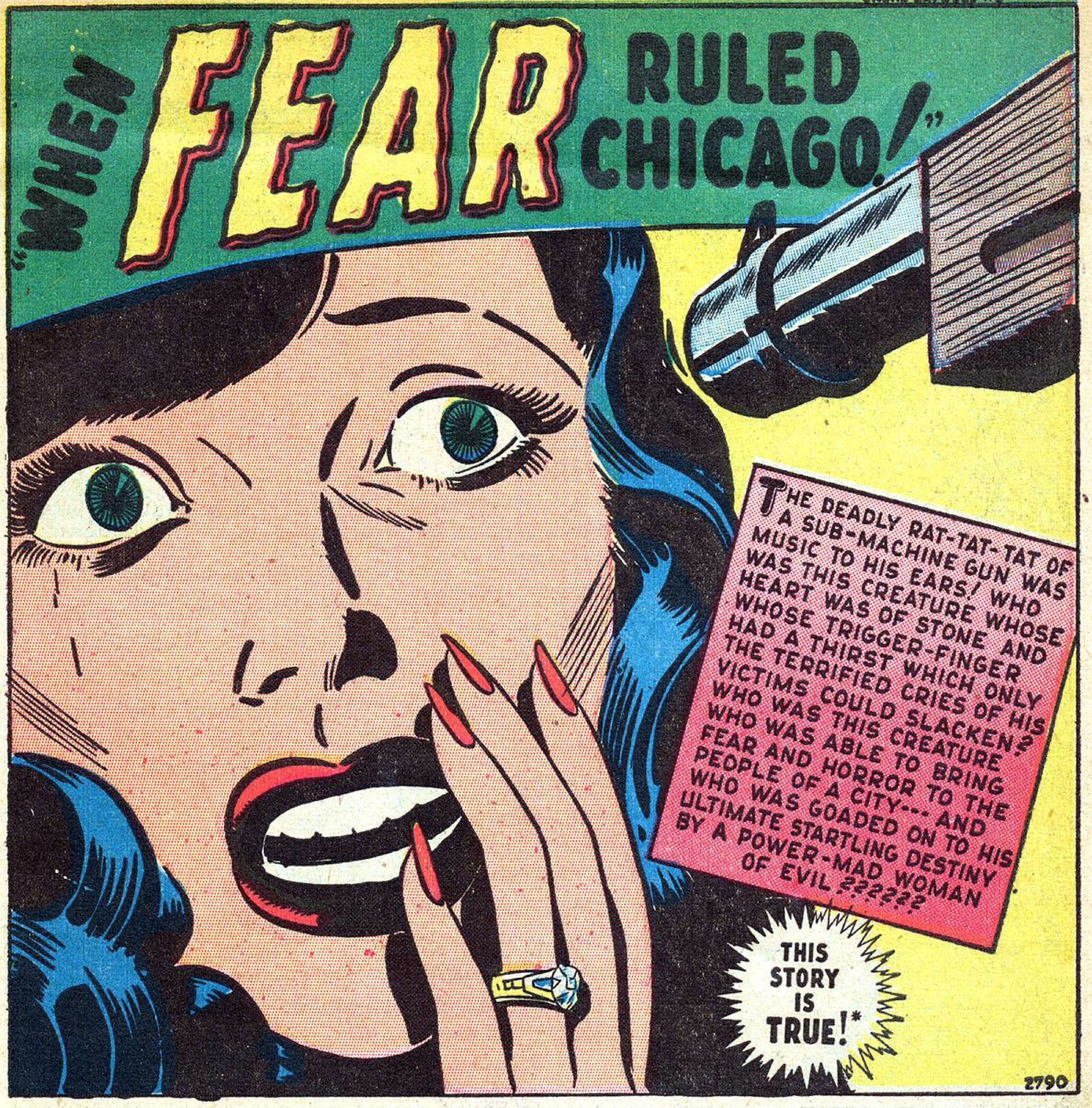
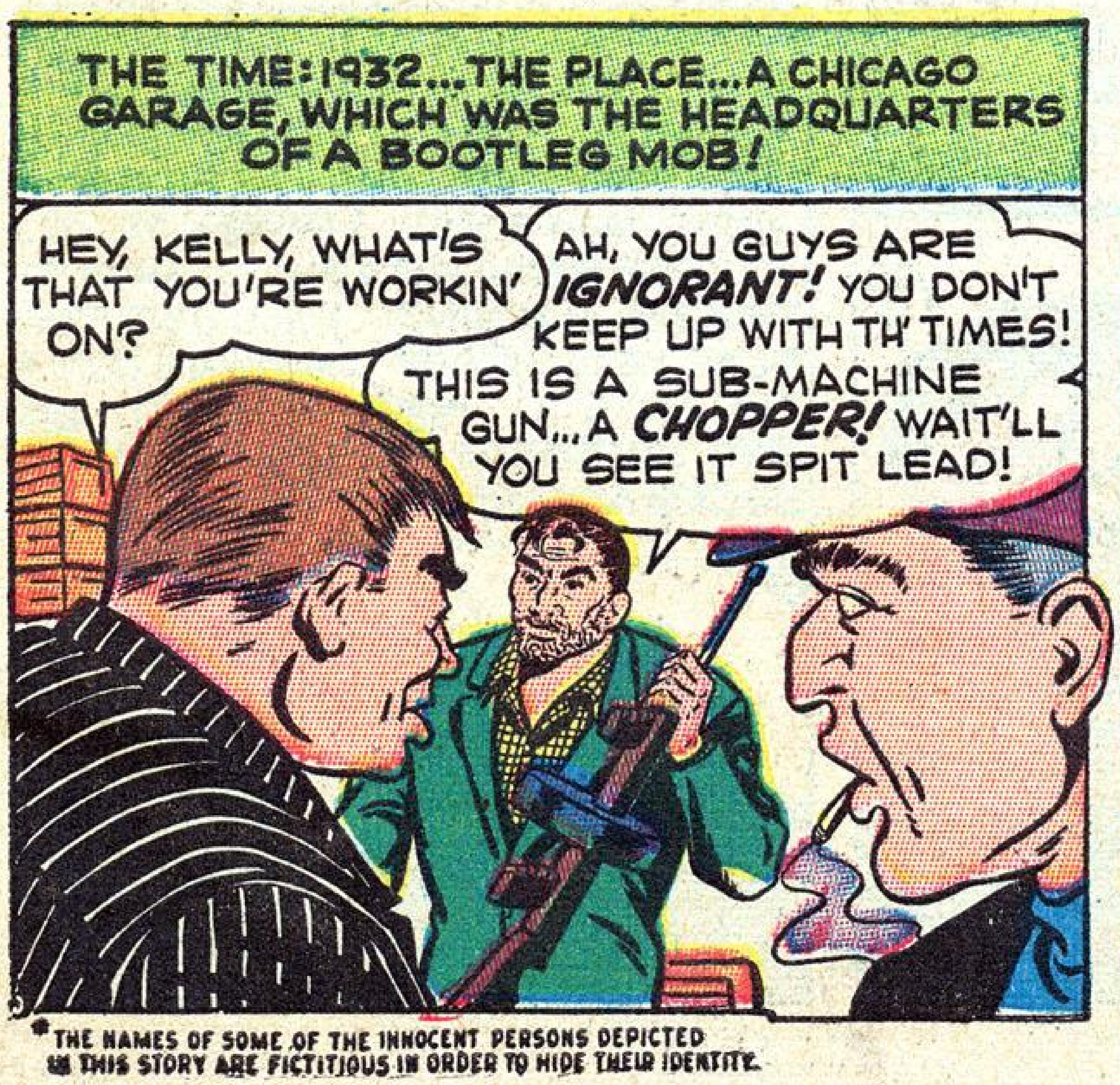
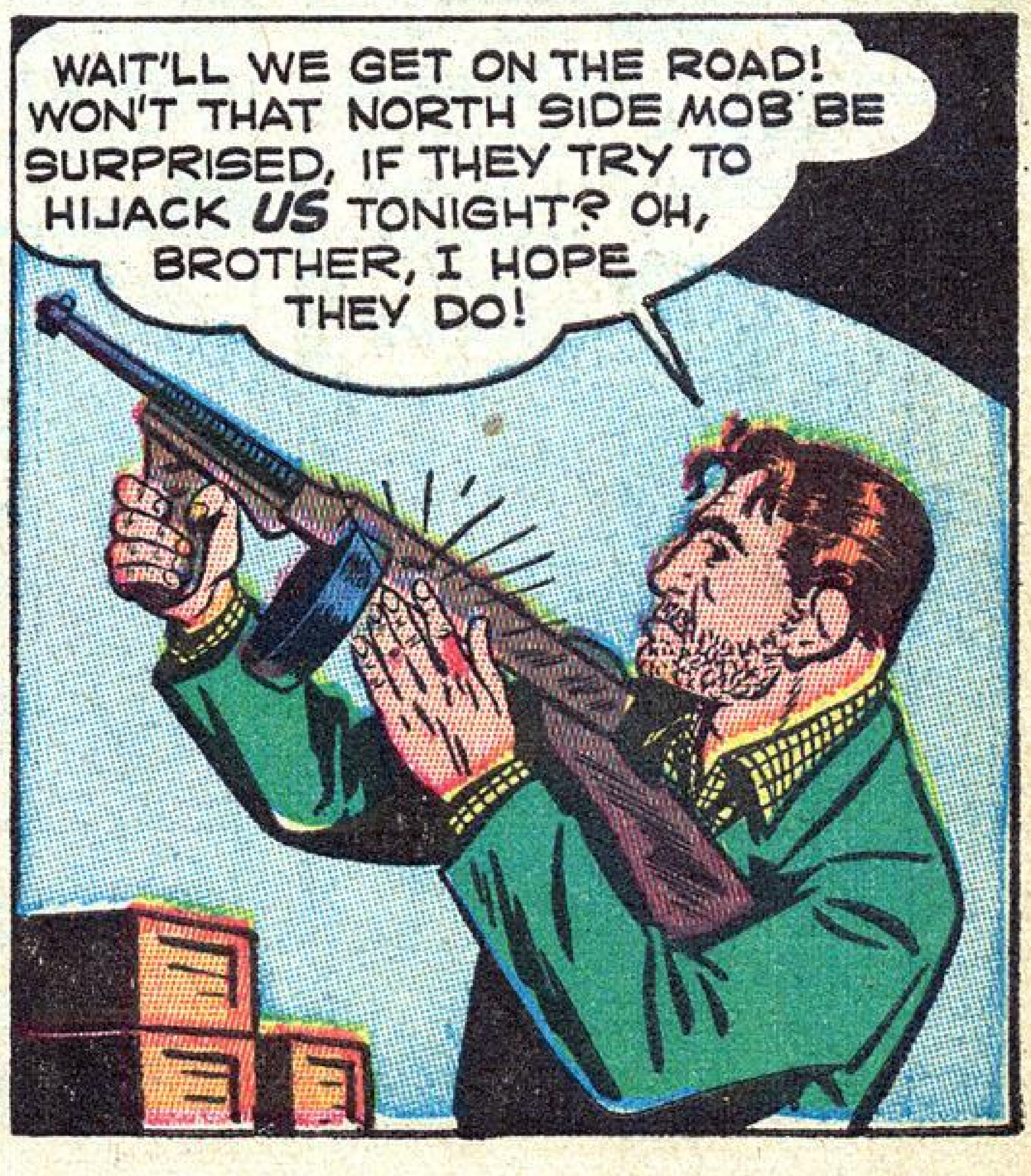
Price 60c per year.
Printed in the U. S. A.


"WHEN FEAR RULED CHICAGO!"
THE DEADLY RAT-TAT-TAT OF A SUB-MACHINE GUN WAS MUSIC TO HIS EARS! WHO WAS THIS CREATURE WHOSE HEART WAS OF STONE AND WHOSE TRIGGER-FINGER HAD A THIRST WHICH ONLY THE TERRIFIED CRIES OF HIS VICTIMS COULD SLACKEN? WHO WAS THIS CREATURE WHO WAS ABLE TO BRING FEAR AND HORROR TO THE PEOPLE OF A CITY--- AND WHO WAS GOADED ON TO HIS ULTIMATE STARTLING DESTINY BY A POWER-MAD WOMAN OF EVIL??????
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
2790


THE TIME: 1932... THE PLACE... A CHICAGO GARAGE, WHICH WAS THE HEADQUARTERS OF A BOOTLEG MOB!
HEY, KELLY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKIN' ON?
AH, YOU GUYS ARE IGNORANT! YOU DON'T KEEP UP WITH TH' TIMES! THIS IS A SUB-MACHINE GUN... A CHOPPER! WAIT'LL YOU SEE IT SPIT LEAD!


WAIT'LL WE GET ON THE ROAD! WON'T THAT NORTH SIDE MOB BE SURPRISED, IF THEY TRY TO HIJACK US TONIGHT? OH, BROTHER, I HOPE THEY DO!

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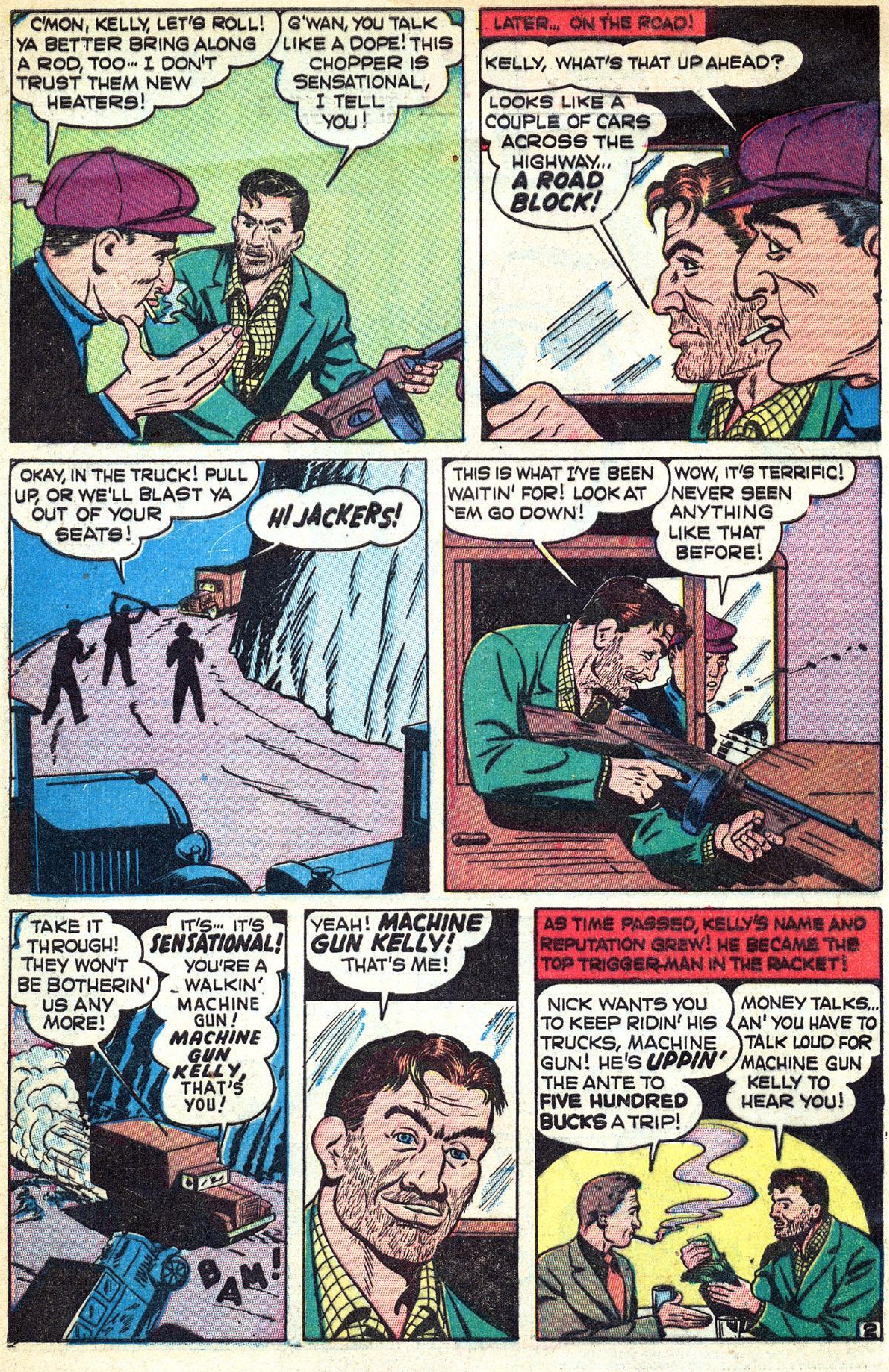
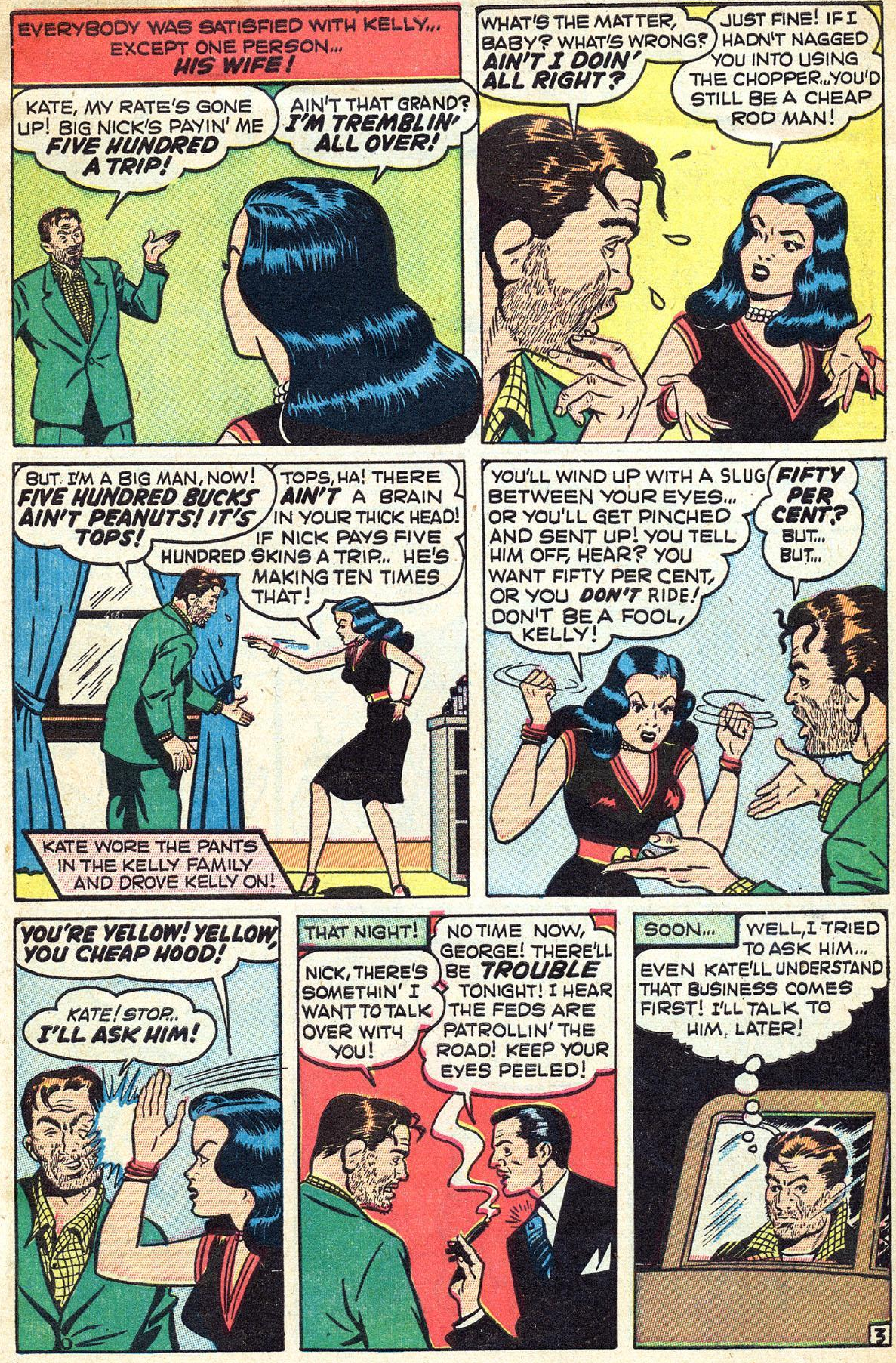
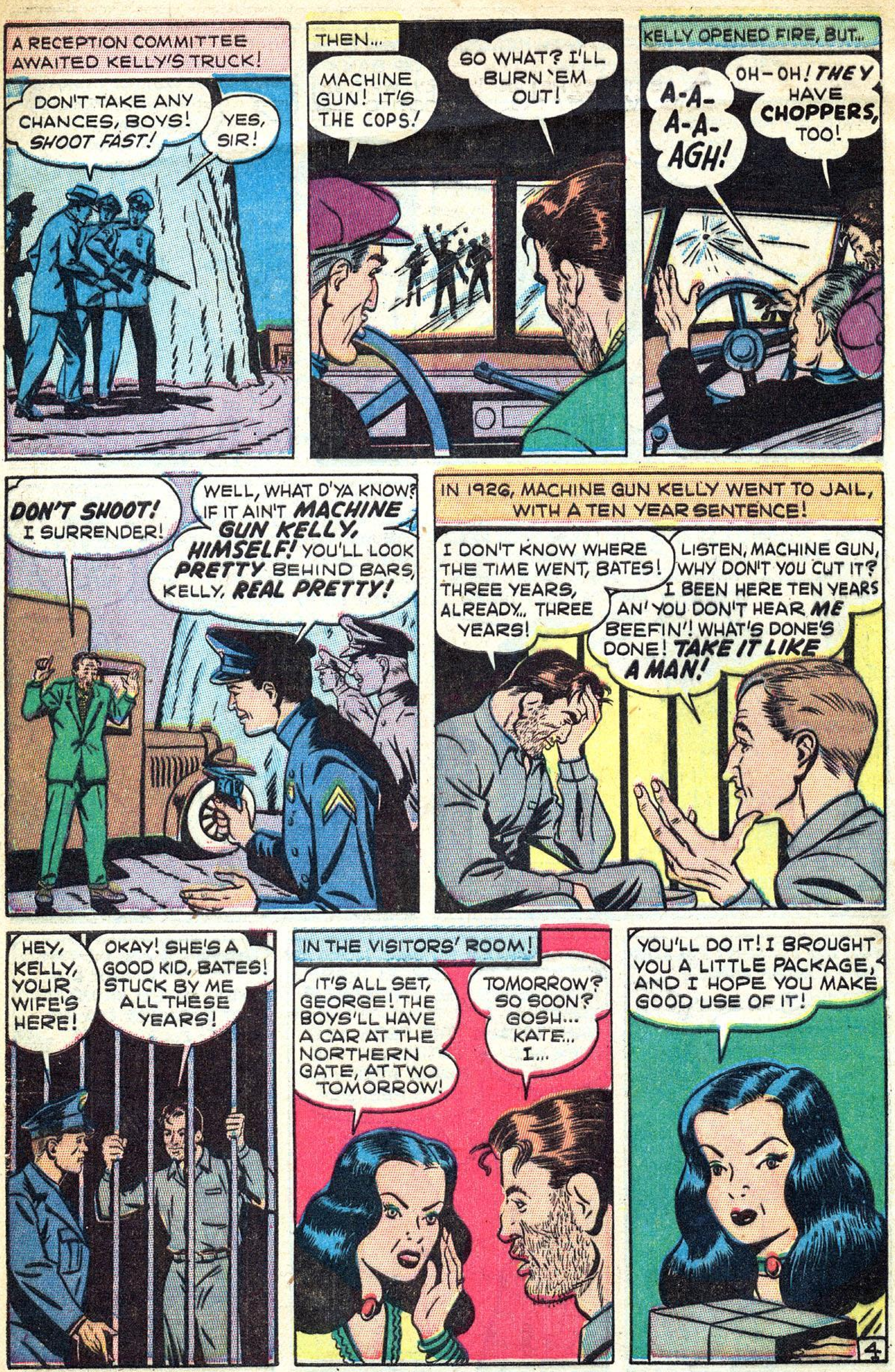
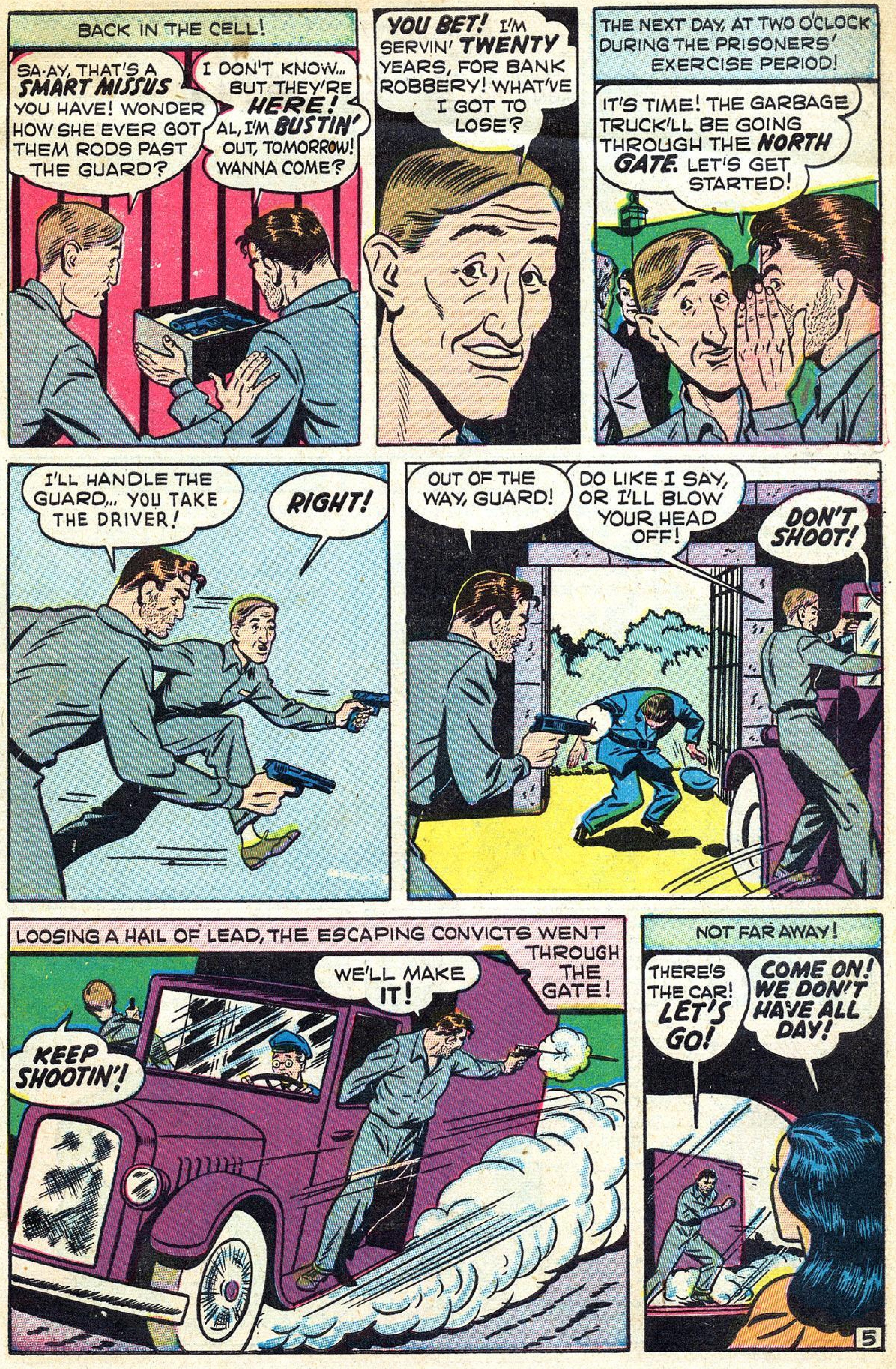
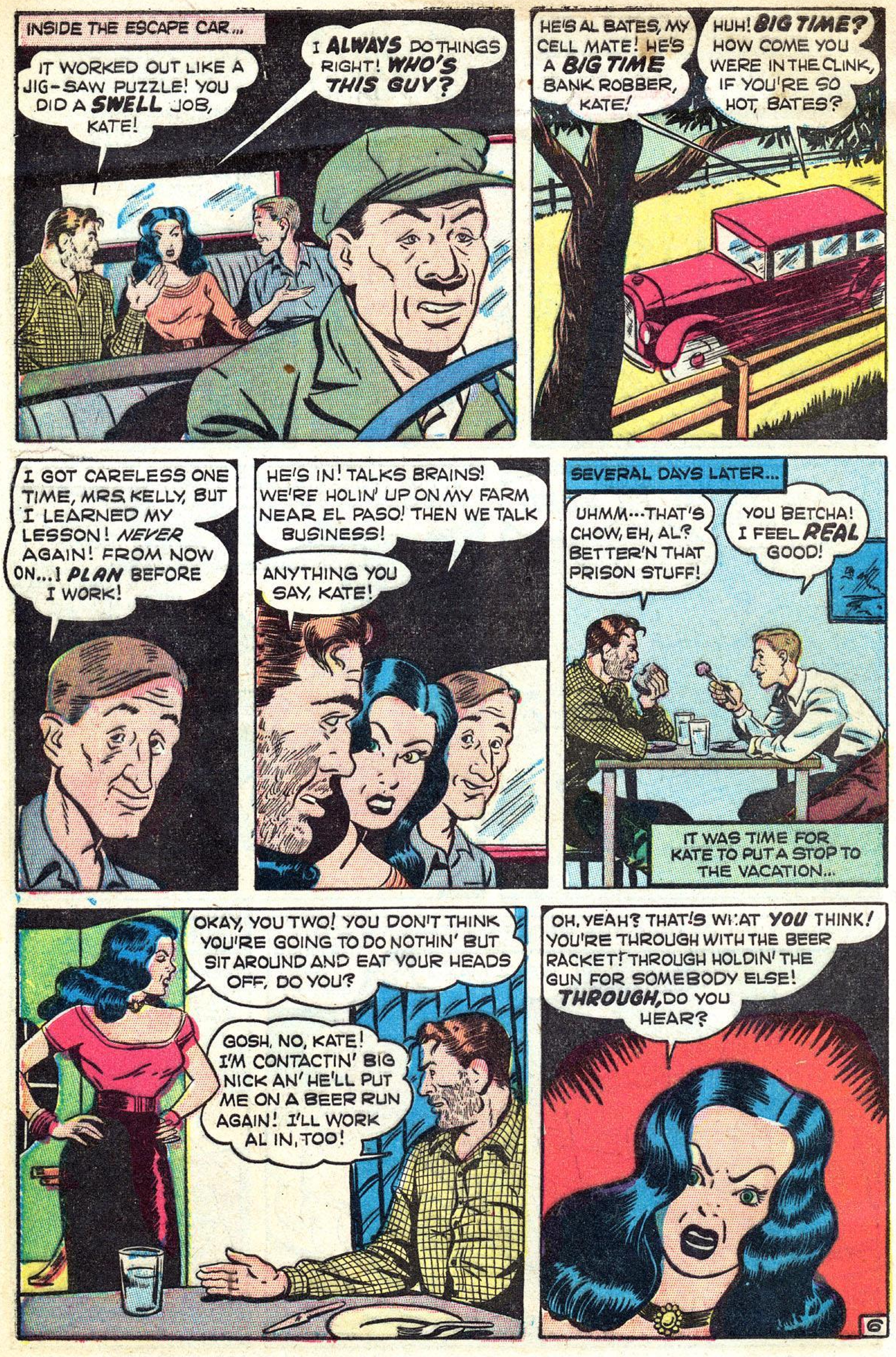
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

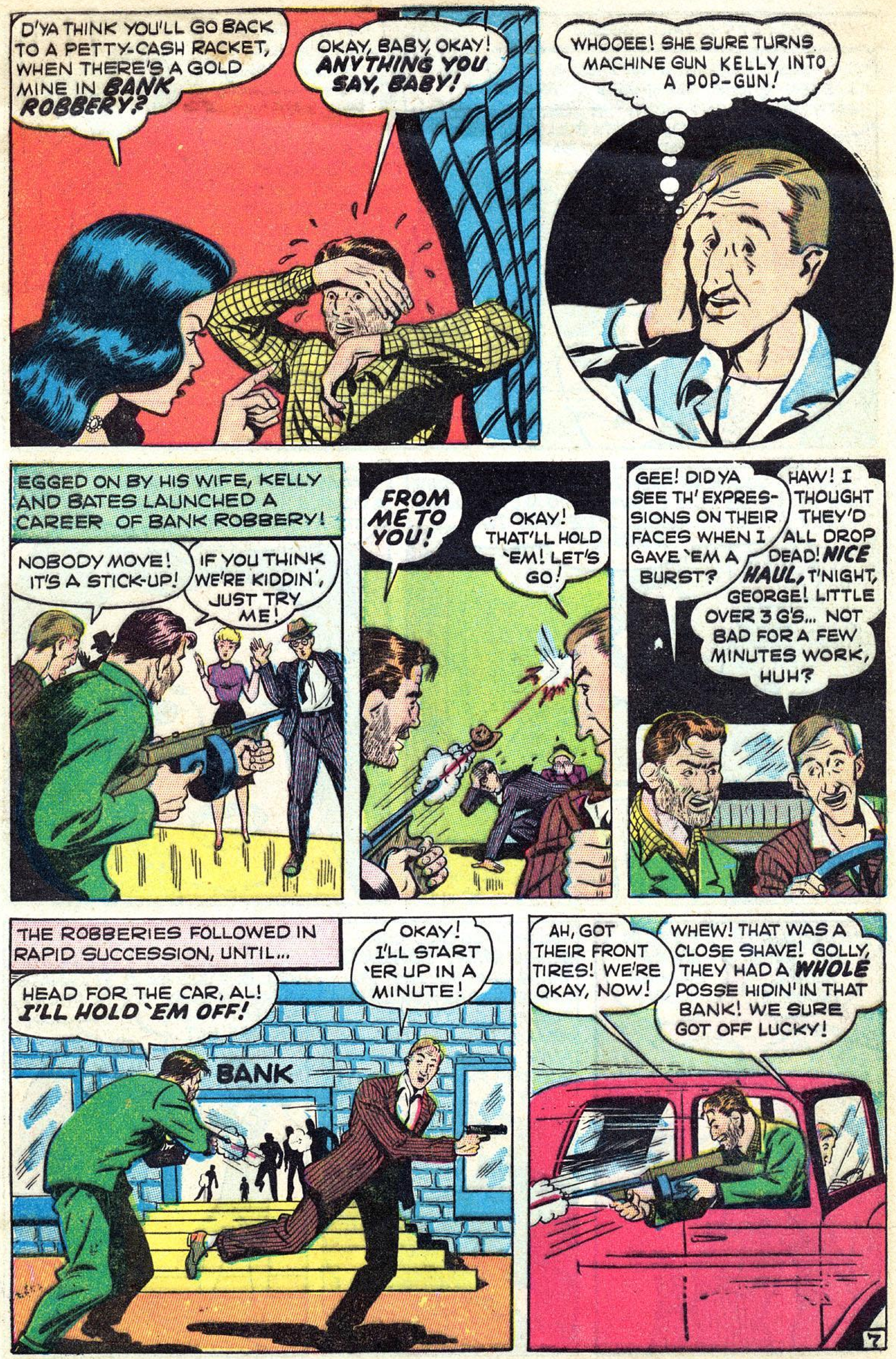

C'MON, KELLY, LET'S ROLL! YA BETTER BRING ALONG A ROD, TOO... I DON'T TRUST THEM NEW HEATERS!
G'WAN, YOU TALK LIKE A DOPE! THIS CHOPPER IS SENSATIONAL, I TELL YOU!
LATER... ON THE ROAD!
KELLY, WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?
LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF CARS ACROSS THE HIGHWAY... A ROAD BLOCK!
OKAY, IN THE TRUCK! PULL UP, OR WE'LL BLAST YA OUT OF YOUR SEATS!
HIJACKERS!
THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! LOOK AT 'EM GO DOWN!
WOW, IT'S TERRIFIC! NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE!
TAKE IT THROUGH! THEY WON'T BE BOTHERIN' US ANY MORE!
IT'S... IT'S SENSATIONAL! YOU'RE A WALKIN' MACHINE GUN! MACHINE GUN KELLY, THAT'S YOU!
BAM!
YEAH! MACHINE GUN KELLY! THAT'S ME!
AS TIME PASSED, KELLY'S NAME AND REPUTATION GREW! HE BECAME THE TOP TRIGGER-MAN IN THE RACKET!
NICK WANTS YOU TO KEEP RIDIN' HIS TRUCKS, MACHINE GUN! HE'S UPPIN' THE ANTE TO FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS A TRIP!
MONEY TALKS... AN' YOU HAVE TO TALK LOUD FOR MACHINE GUN KELLY TO HEAR YOU!

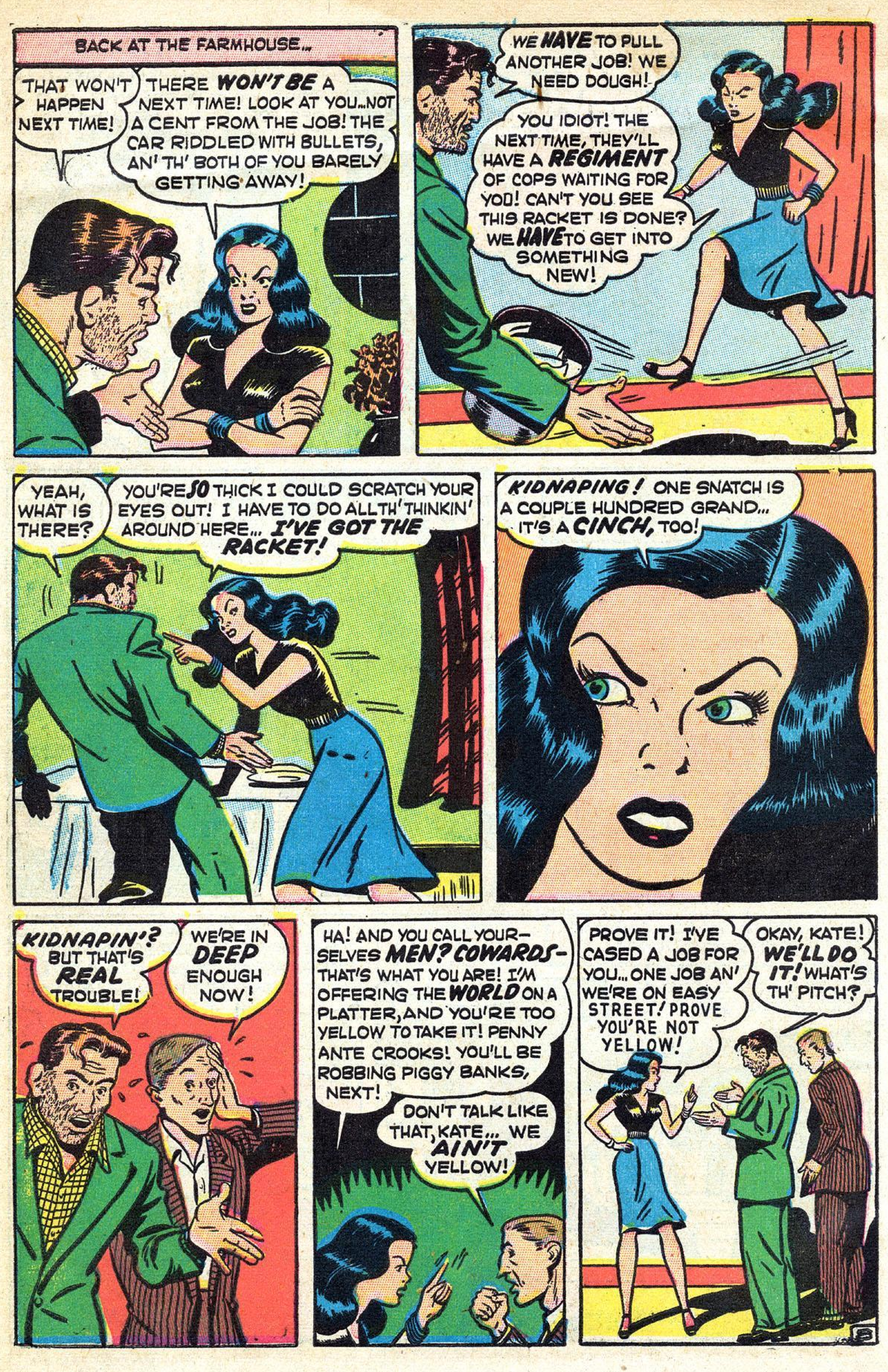

EVERYBODY WAS SATISFIED WITH KELLY... EXCEPT ONE PERSON... **HIS WIFE!**
KATE, MY RATE'S GONE UP! BIG NICK'S PAYIN' ME **FIVE HUNDRED A TRIP!**
AIN'T THAT GRAND? **I'M TREMBLIN' ALL OVER!**
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY? WHAT'S WRONG? **AIN'T I DOIN' ALL RIGHT?**
JUST FINE! IF I HADN'T NAGGED YOU INTO USING THE CHOPPER... YOU'D STILL BE A CHEAP ROD MAN!
BUT I'M A BIG MAN, NOW! **FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS AIN'T PEANUTS! IT'S TOPS!**
TOPS, HA! THERE **AIN'T** A BRAIN IN YOUR THICK HEAD! IF NICK PAYS FIVE HUNDRED SKINS A TRIP.. HE'S MAKING TEN TIMES THAT!
KATE WORE THE PANTS IN THE KELLY FAMILY AND DROVE KELLY ON!
YOU'LL WIND UP WITH A SLUG BETWEEN YOUR EYES... OR YOU'LL GET PINCHED AND SENT UP! YOU TELL HIM OFF, HEAR? YOU WANT FIFTY PER CENT, OR YOU **DON'T** RIDE! DON'T BE A FOOL, KELLY!
FIFTY PER CENT? BUT... BUT...
YOU'RE YELLOW! YELLOW, YOU CHEAP HOOD!
KATE! STOP... **I'LL ASK HIM!**
THAT NIGHT!
NICK, THERE'S SOMETHIN' I WANT TO TALK OVER WITH YOU!
NO TIME NOW, GEORGE! THERE'LL BE **TROUBLE** TONIGHT! I HEAR THE FEDS ARE PATROLLIN' THE ROAD! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED!
SOON...
WELL, I TRIED TO ASK HIM... EVEN KATE'LL UNDERSTAND THAT BUSINESS COMES FIRST! I'LL TALK TO HIM, LATER!

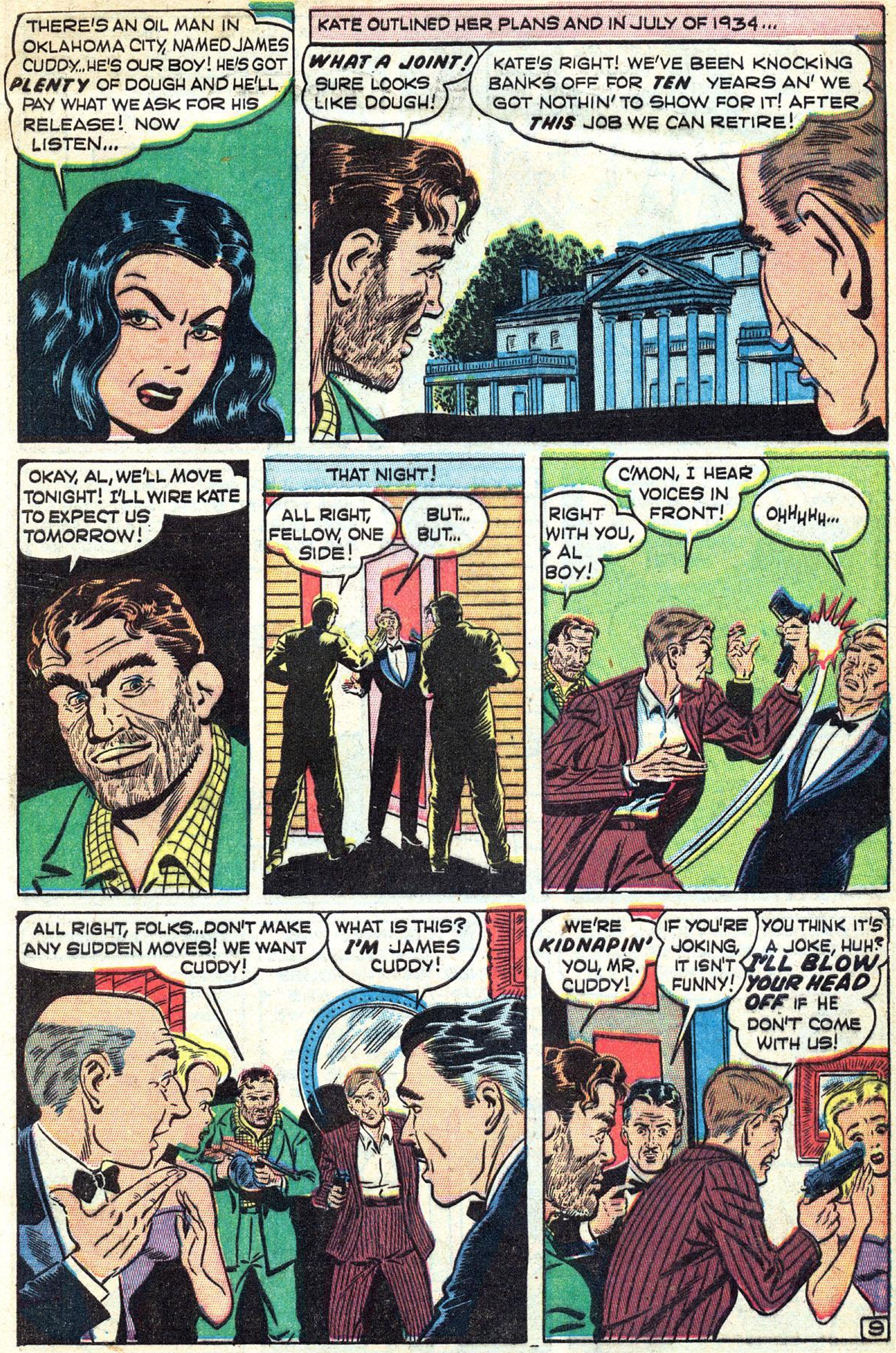

A RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITED KELLY'S TRUCK!
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, BOYS! *SHOOT FAST!*
YES, SIR!
THEN...
MACHINE GUN! IT'S THE COPS!
SO WHAT? I'LL BURN 'EM OUT!
KELLY OPENED FIRE, BUT...
A-A-A-A-AGH!
OH-OH! ***THEY*** HAVE **CHOPPERS**, TOO!
DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER!
WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW? IF IT AIN'T ***MACHINE GUN KELLY, HIMSELF!*** YOU'LL LOOK ***PRETTY*** BEHIND BARS, KELLY, ***REAL PRETTY!***
IN 1926, MACHINE GUN KELLY WENT TO JAIL, WITH A TEN YEAR SENTENCE!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TIME WENT, BATES! THREE YEARS, ALREADY... THREE YEARS!
LISTEN, MACHINE GUN, WHY DON'T YOU CUT IT? I BEEN HERE TEN YEARS AN' YOU DON'T HEAR ***ME*** BEEFIN'! WHAT'S DONE'S DONE! ***TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!***
HEY, KELLY, YOUR WIFE'S HERE!
OKAY! SHE'S A GOOD KID, BATES! STUCK BY ME ALL THESE YEARS!
IN THE VISITORS' ROOM!
IT'S ALL SET, GEORGE! THE BOYS'LL HAVE A CAR AT THE NORTHERN GATE, AT TWO TOMORROW!
TOMORROW? SO SOON? GOSH... KATE... I...
YOU'LL DO IT! I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE PACKAGE, AND I HOPE YOU MAKE GOOD USE OF IT!

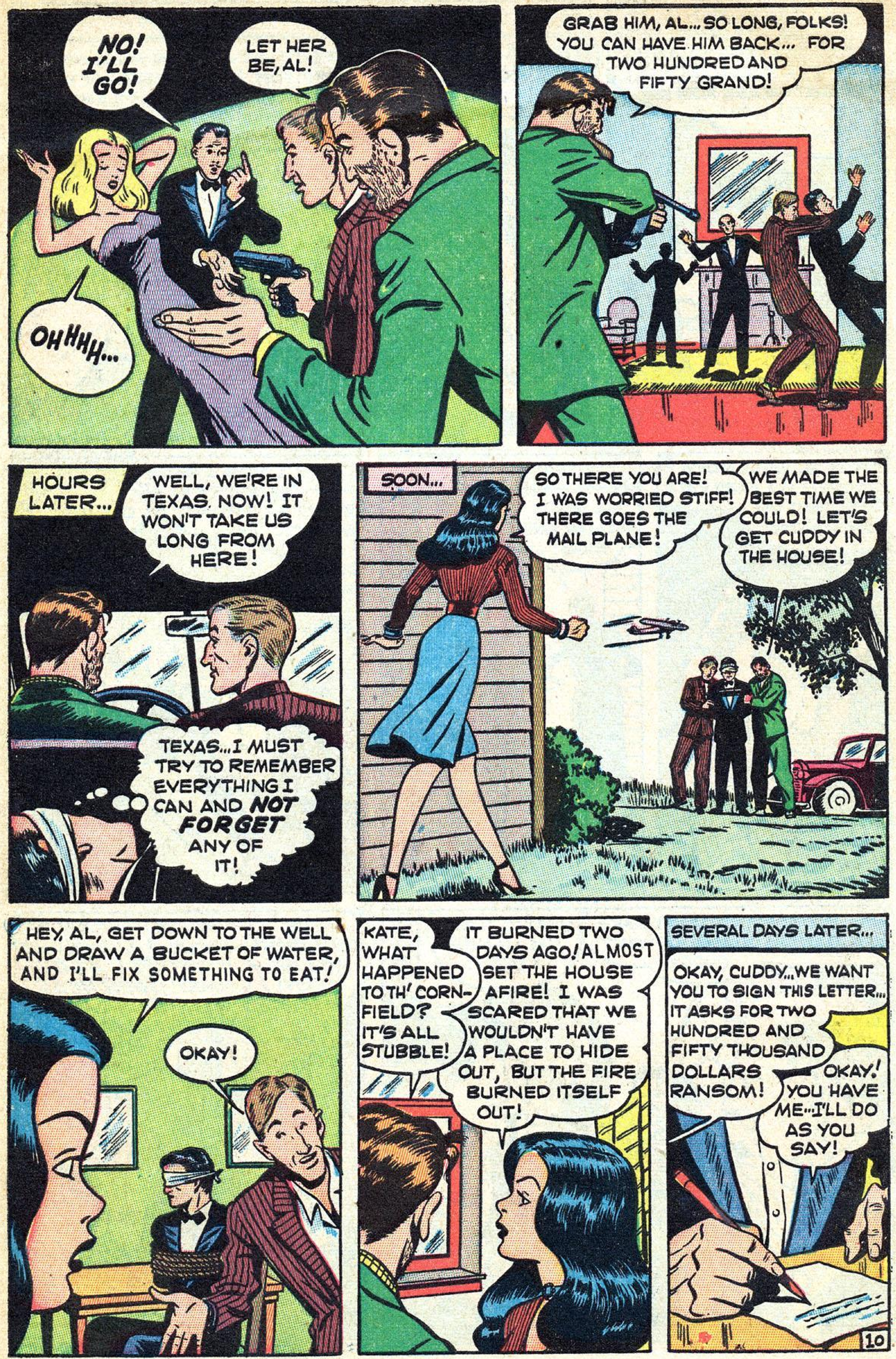

BACK IN THE CELL!
SA-AY, THAT'S A SMART MISSUS YOU HAVE! WONDER HOW SHE EVER GOT THEM RODS PAST THE GUARD?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT THEY'RE HERE! AL, I'M BUSTIN' OUT, TOMORROW! WANNA COME?
YOU BET! I'M SERVIN' TWENTY YEARS, FOR BANK ROBBERY! WHAT'VE I GOT TO LOSE?
THE NEXT DAY, AT TWO O'CLOCK DURING THE PRISONERS' EXERCISE PERIOD!
IT'S TIME! THE GARBAGE TRUCK'LL BE GOING THROUGH THE NORTH GATE. LET'S GET STARTED!
I'LL HANDLE THE GUARD... YOU TAKE THE DRIVER!
RIGHT!
OUT OF THE WAY, GUARD!
DO LIKE I SAY, OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
DON'T SHOOT!
LOOSING A HAIL OF LEAD, THE ESCAPING CONVICTS WENT THROUGH THE GATE!
WE'LL MAKE IT!
KEEP SHOOTIN'!
NOT FAR AWAY!
THERE'S THE CAR! LET'S GO!
COME ON! WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY!

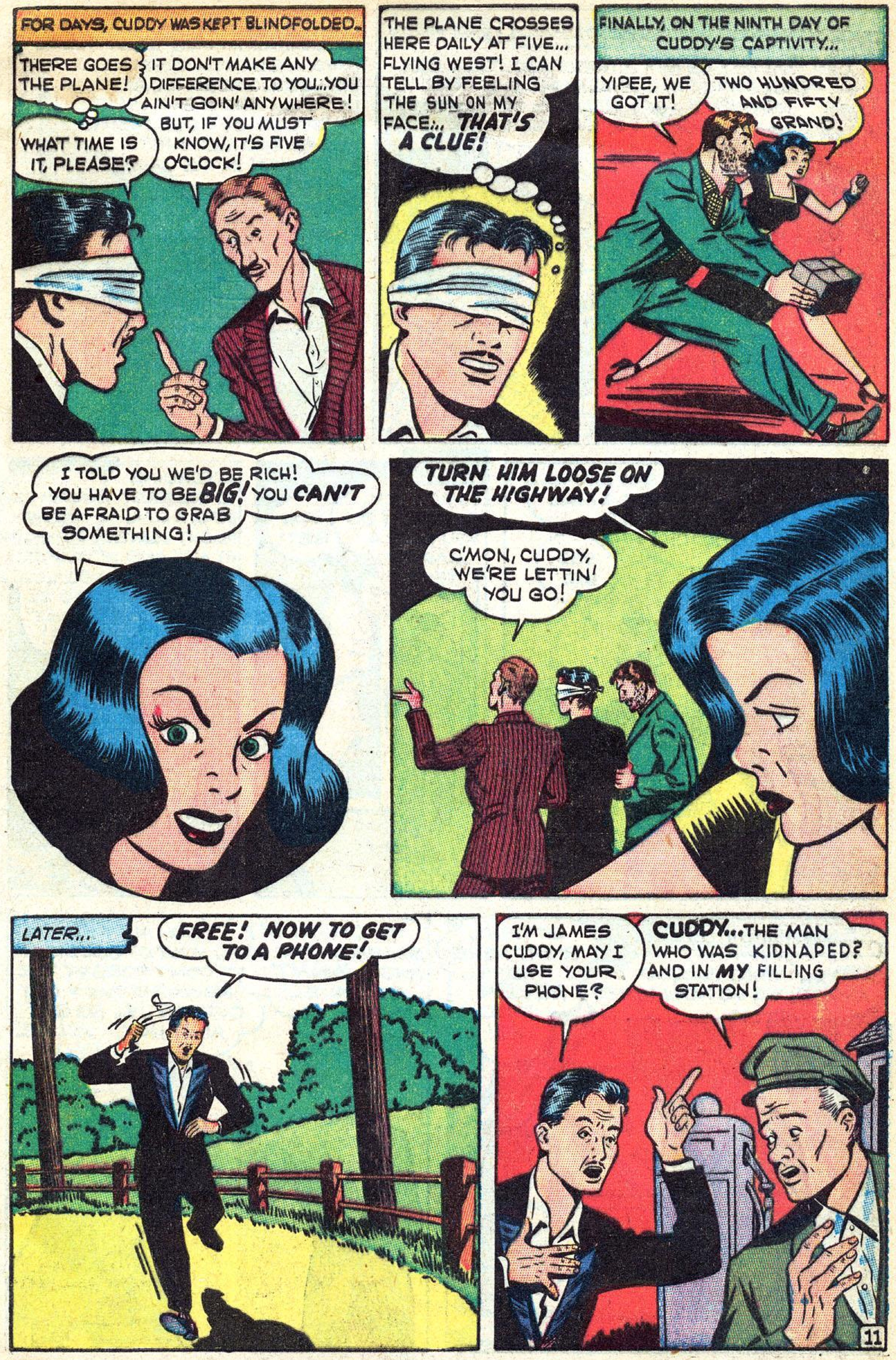

INSIDE THE ESCAPE CAR...
IT WORKED OUT LIKE A JIG-SAW PUZZLE! YOU DID A SWELL JOB, KATE!
I ALWAYS DO THINGS RIGHT! WHO'S THIS GUY?
HE'S AL BATES, MY CELL MATE! HE'S A BIG TIME BANK ROBBER, KATE!
HUH! BIG TIME? HOW COME YOU WERE IN THE CLINK, IF YOU'RE SO HOT, BATES?
I GOT CARELESS ONE TIME, MRS. KELLY, BUT I LEARNED MY LESSON! NEVER AGAIN! FROM NOW ON... I PLAN BEFORE I WORK!
HE'S IN! TALKS BRAINS! WE'RE HOLIN' UP ON MY FARM NEAR EL PASO! THEN WE TALK BUSINESS!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, KATE!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
UHMM...THAT'S CHOW, EH, AL? BETTER'N THAT PRISON STUFF!
YOU BETCHA! I FEEL REAL GOOD!
IT WAS TIME FOR KATE TO PUT A STOP TO THE VACATION...
OKAY, YOU TWO! YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO NOTHIN' BUT SIT AROUND AND EAT YOUR HEADS OFF, DO YOU?
GOSH, NO, KATE! I'M CONTACTIN' BIG NICK AN' HE'LL PUT ME ON A BEER RUN AGAIN! I'LL WORK AL IN, TOO!
OH, YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THE BEER RACKET! THROUGH HOLDIN' THE GUN FOR SOMEBODY ELSE! THROUGH, DO YOU HEAR?


D'YA THINK YOU'LL GO BACK TO A PETTY-CASH RACKET, WHEN THERE'S A GOLD MINE IN **BANK ROBBERY?**
OKAY, BABY, OKAY! **ANYTHING YOU SAY, BABY!**
WHOOEE! SHE SURE TURNS MACHINE GUN KELLY INTO A POP-GUN!
EGGED ON BY HIS WIFE, KELLY AND BATES LAUNCHED A CAREER OF BANK ROBBERY!
NOBODY MOVE! IT'S A STICK-UP!
IF YOU THINK WE'RE KIDDIN', JUST TRY ME!
FROM ME TO YOU!
OKAY! THAT'LL HOLD 'EM! LET'S GO!
GEE! DIDYA SEE TH' EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FACES WHEN I GAVE 'EM A BURST?
HAW! I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL DROP DEAD! **NICE HAUL,** T'NIGHT, GEORGE! LITTLE OVER 3 G'S... NOT BAD FOR A FEW MINUTES WORK, HUH?
THE ROBBERIES FOLLOWED IN RAPID SUCCESSION, UNTIL...
HEAD FOR THE CAR, AL! **I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!**
OKAY! I'LL START 'ER UP IN A MINUTE!
BANK
AH, GOT THEIR FRONT TIRES! WE'RE OKAY, NOW!
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! GOLLY, THEY HAD A **WHOLE** POSSE HIDIN' IN THAT BANK! WE SURE GOT OFF LUCKY!


BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE..
THAT WON'T HAPPEN NEXT TIME!
THERE WON'T BE A NEXT TIME! LOOK AT YOU...NOT A CENT FROM THE JOB! THE CAR RIDDLED WITH BULLETS, AN' TH' BOTH OF YOU BARELY GETTING AWAY!
WE HAVE TO PULL ANOTHER JOB! WE NEED DOUGH!
YOU IDIOT! THE NEXT TIME, THEY'LL HAVE A REGIMENT OF COPS WAITING FOR YOU! CAN'T YOU SEE THIS RACKET IS DONE? WE HAVE TO GET INTO SOMETHING NEW!
YEAH, WHAT IS THERE?
YOU'RE SO THICK I COULD SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT! I HAVE TO DO ALL TH' THINKIN' AROUND HERE... I'VE GOT THE RACKET!
KIDNAPING! ONE SNATCH IS A COUPLE HUNDRED GRAND... IT'S A CINCH, TOO!
KIDNAPIN'? BUT THAT'S REAL TROUBLE!
WE'RE IN DEEP ENOUGH NOW!
HA! AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN? COWARDS- THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! I'M OFFERING THE WORLD ON A PLATTER, AND YOU'RE TOO YELLOW TO TAKE IT! PENNY ANTE CROOKS! YOU'LL BE ROBBING PIGGY BANKS, NEXT!
DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, KATE... WE AIN'T YELLOW!
PROVE IT! I'VE CASED A JOB FOR YOU... ONE JOB AN' WE'RE ON EASY STREET! PROVE YOU'RE NOT YELLOW!
OKAY, KATE! WE'LL DO IT! WHAT'S TH' PITCH?


THERE'S AN OIL MAN IN OKLAHOMA CITY, NAMED JAMES CUDDY...HE'S OUR BOY! HE'S GOT *PLENTY* OF DOUGH AND HE'LL PAY WHAT WE ASK FOR HIS RELEASE! NOW LISTEN...
KATE OUTLINED HER PLANS AND IN JULY OF 1934...
WHAT A JOINT! SURE LOOKS LIKE DOUGH!
KATE'S RIGHT! WE'VE BEEN KNOCKING BANKS OFF FOR *TEN* YEARS AN' WE GOT NOTHIN' TO SHOW FOR IT! AFTER *THIS* JOB WE CAN RETIRE!
OKAY, AL, WE'LL MOVE TONIGHT! I'LL WIRE KATE TO EXPECT US TOMORROW!
THAT NIGHT!
ALL RIGHT, FELLOW, ONE SIDE!
BUT... BUT...
RIGHT WITH YOU, AL BOY!
C'MON, I HEAR VOICES IN FRONT!
OHHHHH...
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS...DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES! WE WANT CUDDY!
WHAT IS THIS? *I'M* JAMES CUDDY!
WE'RE *KIDNAPIN'* YOU, MR. CUDDY!
IF YOU'RE JOKING, IT ISN'T FUNNY!
YOU THINK IT'S A JOKE, HUH? *I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF* IF HE DON'T COME WITH US!


NO! I'LL GO!
LET HER BE, AL!
OHHHH...
GRAB HIM, AL... SO LONG, FOLKS! YOU CAN HAVE HIM BACK... FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND!
HOURS LATER...
WELL, WE'RE IN TEXAS, NOW! IT WON'T TAKE US LONG FROM HERE!
TEXAS...I MUST TRY TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING I CAN AND NOT FORGET ANY OF IT!
SOON...
SO THERE YOU ARE! I WAS WORRIED STIFF! THERE GOES THE MAIL PLANE!
WE MADE THE BEST TIME WE COULD! LET'S GET CUDDY IN THE HOUSE!
HEY, AL, GET DOWN TO THE WELL AND DRAW A BUCKET OF WATER, AND I'LL FIX SOMETHING TO EAT!
OKAY!
KATE, WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' CORN-FIELD? IT'S ALL STUBBLE!
IT BURNED TWO DAYS AGO! ALMOST SET THE HOUSE AFIRE! I WAS SCARED THAT WE WOULDN'T HAVE A PLACE TO HIDE OUT, BUT THE FIRE BURNED ITSELF OUT!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
OKAY, CUDDY...WE WANT YOU TO SIGN THIS LETTER... IT ASKS FOR TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS RANSOM!
OKAY! YOU HAVE ME...I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!


FOR DAYS, CUDDY WAS KEPT BLINDFOLDED...
THERE GOES THE PLANE!
WHAT TIME IS IT, PLEASE?
IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU...YOU AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE! BUT, IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK!
THE PLANE CROSSES HERE DAILY AT FIVE... FLYING WEST! I CAN TELL BY FEELING THE SUN ON MY FACE... THAT'S A CLUE!
FINALLY, ON THE NINTH DAY OF CUDDY'S CAPTIVITY...
YIPEE, WE GOT IT!
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GRAND!
I TOLD YOU WE'D BE RICH! YOU HAVE TO BE BIG! YOU CAN'T BE AFRAID TO GRAB SOMETHING!
TURN HIM LOOSE ON THE HIGHWAY!
C'MON, CUDDY, WE'RE LETTIN' YOU GO!
LATER...
FREE! NOW TO GET TO A PHONE!
I'M JAMES CUDDY, MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?
CUDDY...THE MAN WHO WAS KIDNAPED? AND IN MY FILLING STATION!

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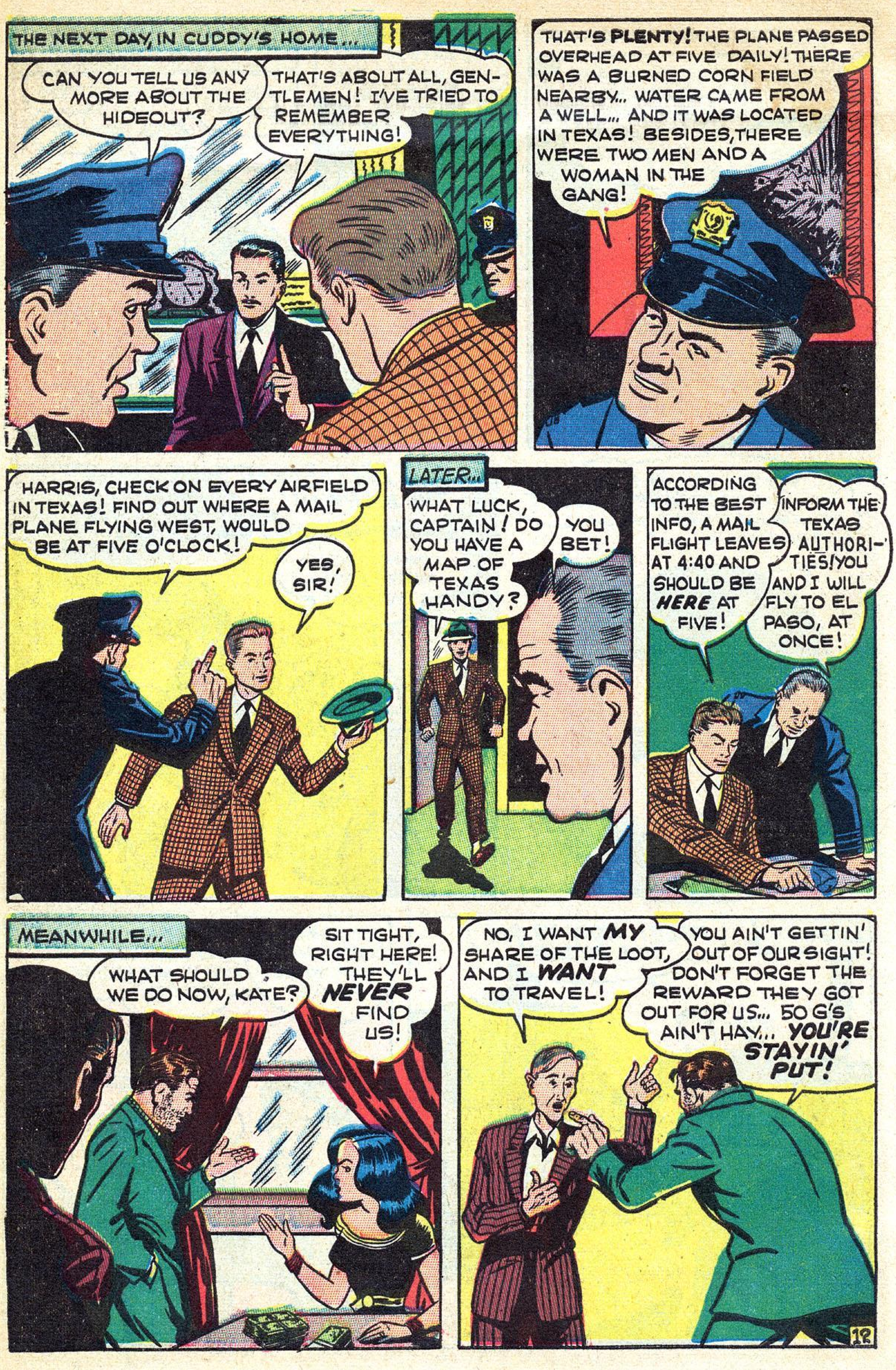
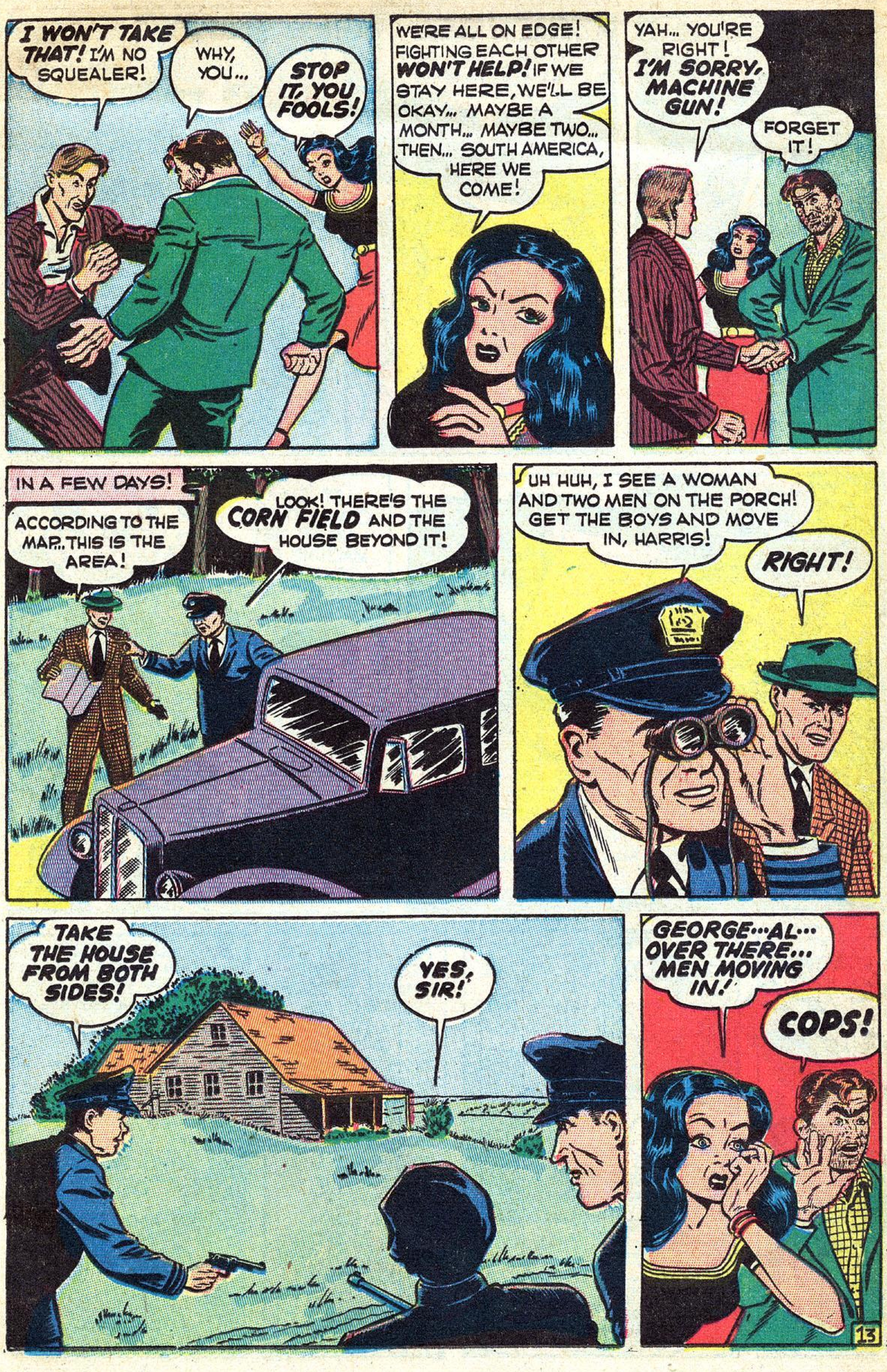
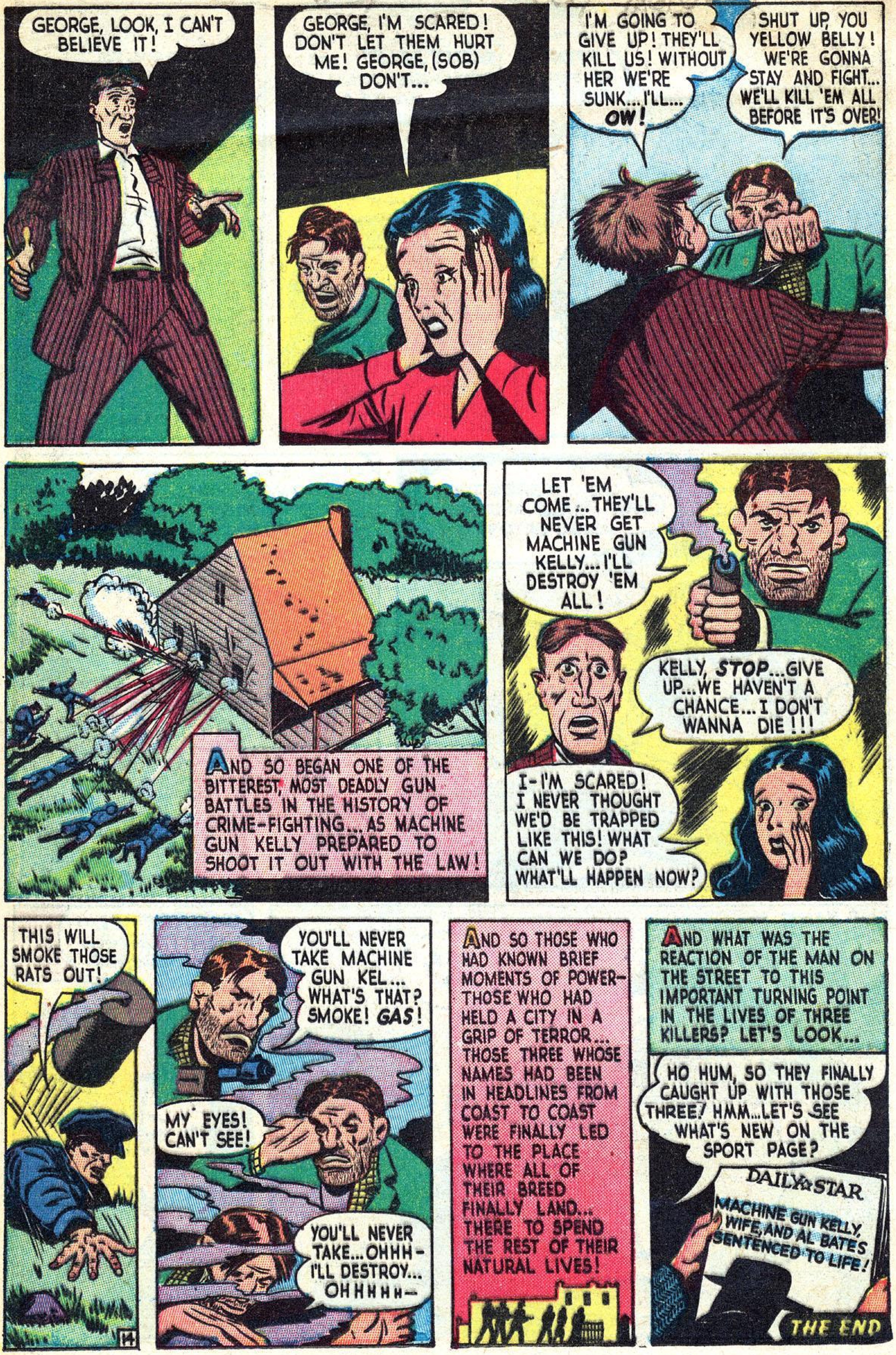
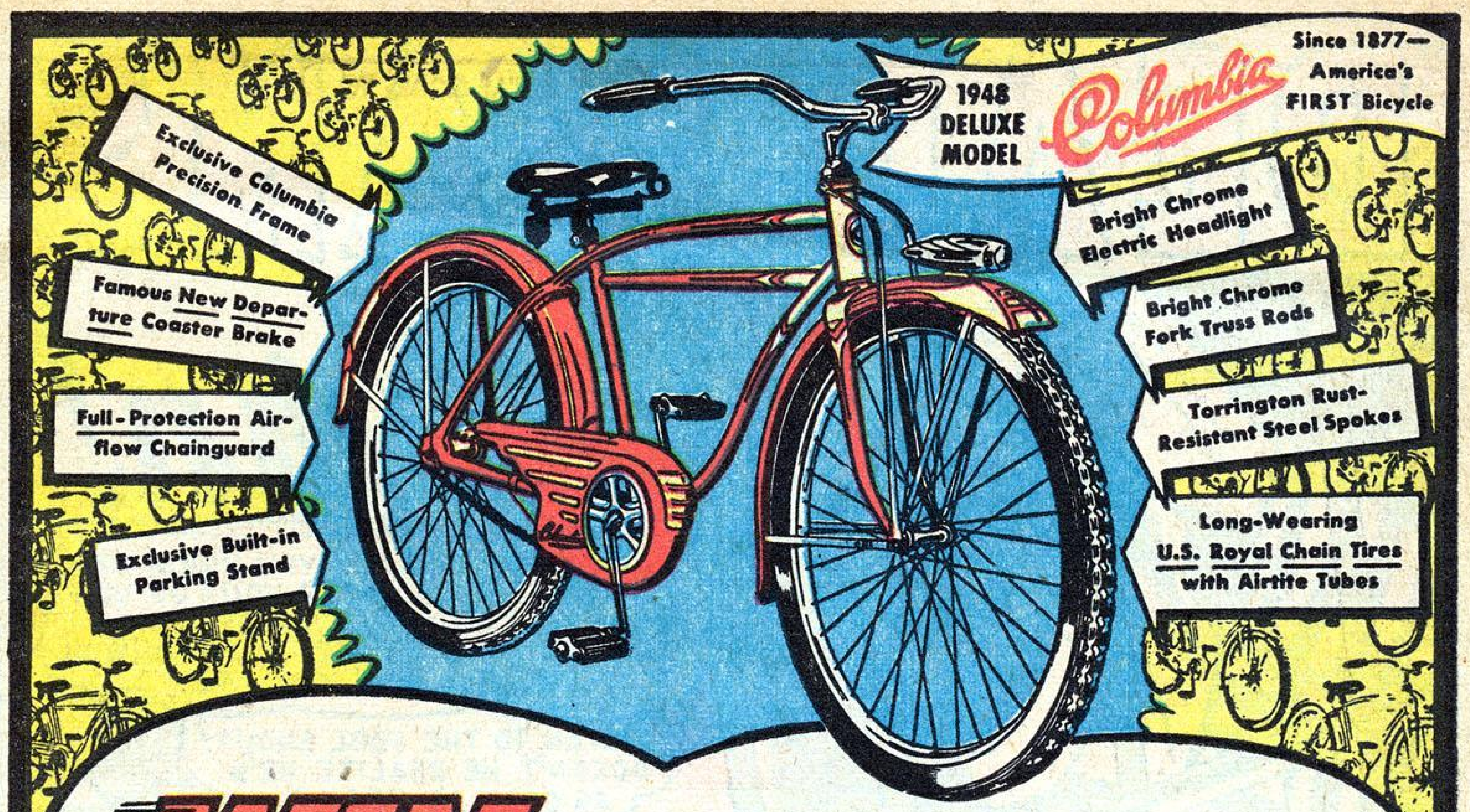

THE NEXT DAY, IN CUDDY'S HOME...
CAN YOU TELL US ANY MORE ABOUT THE HIDEOUT?
THAT'S ABOUT ALL, GENTLEMEN! I'VE TRIED TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING!
THAT'S PLENTY! THE PLANE PASSED OVERHEAD AT FIVE DAILY! THERE WAS A BURNED CORN FIELD NEARBY... WATER CAME FROM A WELL... AND IT WAS LOCATED IN TEXAS! BESIDES, THERE WERE TWO MEN AND A WOMAN IN THE GANG!
HARRIS, CHECK ON EVERY AIRFIELD IN TEXAS! FIND OUT WHERE A MAIL PLANE FLYING WEST, WOULD BE AT FIVE O'CLOCK!
YES, SIR!
LATER...
WHAT LUCK, CAPTAIN! DO YOU HAVE A MAP OF TEXAS HANDY?
YOU BET!
ACCORDING TO THE BEST INFO, A MAIL FLIGHT LEAVES AT 4:40 AND SHOULD BE HERE AT FIVE!
INFORM THE TEXAS AUTHORITIES! YOU AND I WILL FLY TO EL PASO, AT ONCE!
MEANWHILE...
WHAT SHOULD WE DO NOW, KATE?
SIT TIGHT, RIGHT HERE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND US!
NO, I WANT MY SHARE OF THE LOOT, AND I WANT TO TRAVEL!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' OUT OF OUR SIGHT! DON'T FORGET THE REWARD THEY GOT OUT FOR US... 50 G'S AIN'T HAY... YOU'RE STAYIN' PUT!


I WON'T TAKE THAT! I'M NO SQUEALER!
WHY, YOU...
STOP IT, YOU FOOLS!
WE'RE ALL ON EDGE! FIGHTING EACH OTHER WON'T HELP! IF WE STAY HERE, WE'LL BE OKAY... MAYBE A MONTH... MAYBE TWO... THEN... SOUTH AMERICA, HERE WE COME!
YAH... YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M SORRY, MACHINE GUN!
FORGET IT!
IN A FEW DAYS!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP... THIS IS THE AREA!
LOOK! THERE'S THE CORN FIELD AND THE HOUSE BEYOND IT!
UH HUH, I SEE A WOMAN AND TWO MEN ON THE PORCH! GET THE BOYS AND MOVE IN, HARRIS!
RIGHT!
TAKE THE HOUSE FROM BOTH SIDES!
YES, SIR!
GEORGE...AL... OVER THERE... MEN MOVING IN!
COPS!


GEORGE, LOOK, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
GEORGE, I'M SCARED! DON'T LET THEM HURT ME! GEORGE, (SOB) DON'T...
I'M GOING TO GIVE UP! THEY'LL KILL US! WITHOUT HER WE'RE SUNK... I'LL... OW!
SHUT UP, YOU YELLOW BELLY! WE'RE GONNA STAY AND FIGHT... WE'LL KILL 'EM ALL BEFORE IT'S OVER!
AND SO BEGAN ONE OF THE BITTEREST, MOST DEADLY GUN BATTLES IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME-FIGHTING... AS MACHINE GUN KELLY PREPARED TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE LAW!
LET 'EM COME... THEY'LL NEVER GET MACHINE GUN KELLY... I'LL DESTROY 'EM ALL!
KELLY, STOP... GIVE UP... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE... I DON'T WANNA DIE!!!
I-I'M SCARED! I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BE TRAPPED LIKE THIS! WHAT CAN WE DO? WHAT'LL HAPPEN NOW?
THIS WILL SMOKE THOSE RATS OUT!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE MACHINE GUN KEL... WHAT'S THAT? SMOKE! GAS!
MY EYES! CAN'T SEE!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE... OHHH- I'LL DESTROY... OHHHH-
AND SO THOSE WHO HAD KNOWN BRIEF MOMENTS OF POWER- THOSE WHO HAD HELD A CITY IN A GRIP OF TERROR... THOSE THREE WHOSE NAMES HAD BEEN IN HEADLINES FROM COAST TO COAST WERE FINALLY LED TO THE PLACE WHERE ALL OF THEIR BREED FINALLY LAND... THERE TO SPEND THE REST OF THEIR NATURAL LIVES!
AND WHAT WAS THE REACTION OF THE MAN ON THE STREET TO THIS IMPORTANT TURNING POINT IN THE LIVES OF THREE KILLERS? LET'S LOOK...
HO HUM, SO THEY FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THOSE THREE! HMM... LET'S SEE WHAT'S NEW ON THE SPORT PAGE?
DAILY STAR
MACHINE GUN KELLY, WIFE, AND AL BATES SENTENCED TO LIFE!
THE END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WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 Columbia BIKES!

JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES. Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300F, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges—faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U.S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

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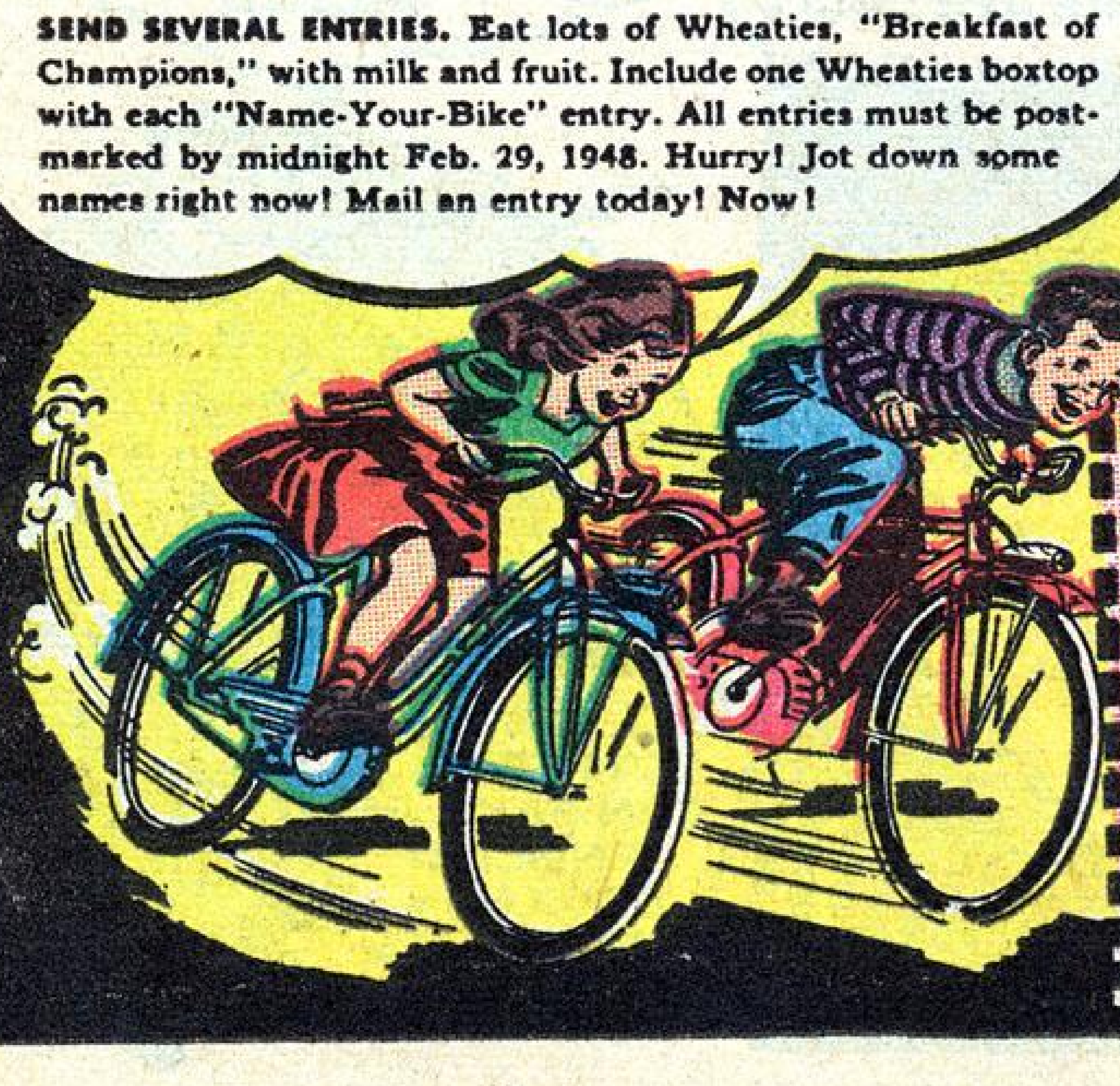


CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

WHEATIES,
BOX 1300F, MPLS., MINN.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is: PLEASE PRINT

BIKE NAME:..

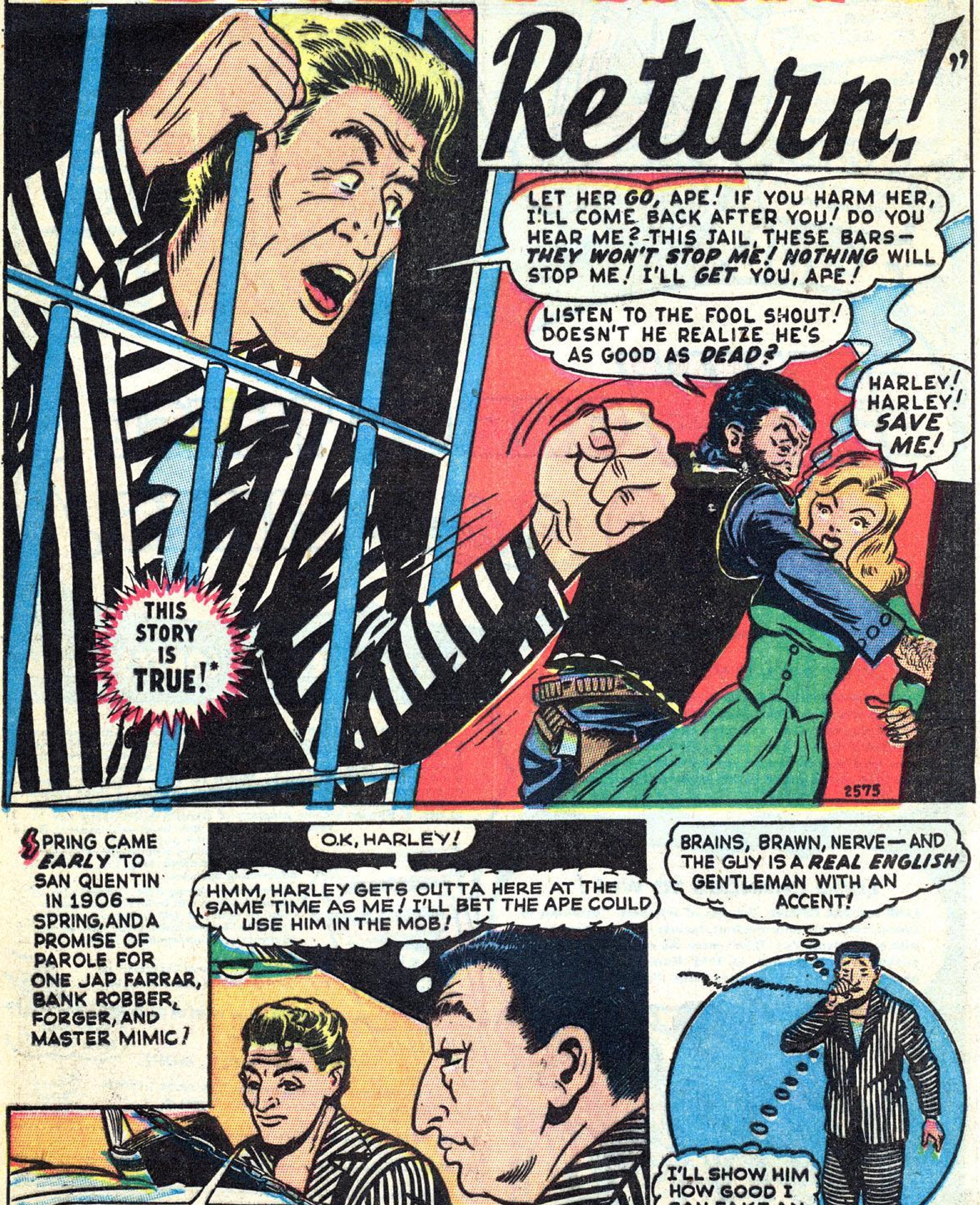
My Name____

Street Address___________________________________

City______________________________State__________

IMPORTANT:
Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)

"DEAD MAN'S Return!"


LET HER GO, APE! IF YOU HARM HER, I'LL COME BACK AFTER YOU! DO YOU HEAR ME? THIS JAIL, THESE BARS— THEY WON'T STOP ME! NOTHING WILL STOP ME! I'LL GET YOU, APE!
LISTEN TO THE FOOL SHOUT! DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD?
HARLEY! HARLEY! SAVE ME!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
2575
SPRING CAME EARLY TO SAN QUENTIN IN 1906—SPRING, AND A PROMISE OF PAROLE FOR ONE JAP FARRAR, BANK ROBBER, FORGER, AND MASTER MIMIC!
O.K, HARLEY!
HMM, HARLEY GETS OUTTA HERE AT THE SAME TIME AS ME! I'LL BET THE APE COULD USE HIM IN THE MOB!
I THINK I'LL PERUSE THIS VOLUME A BIT FURTHER TONIGHT, JAP!
BRAINS, BRAWN, NERVE—AND THE GUY IS A REAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN WITH AN ACCENT!
I'LL SHOW HIM HOW GOOD I CAN FAKE AN ENGLISH COCKNEY ACCENT!

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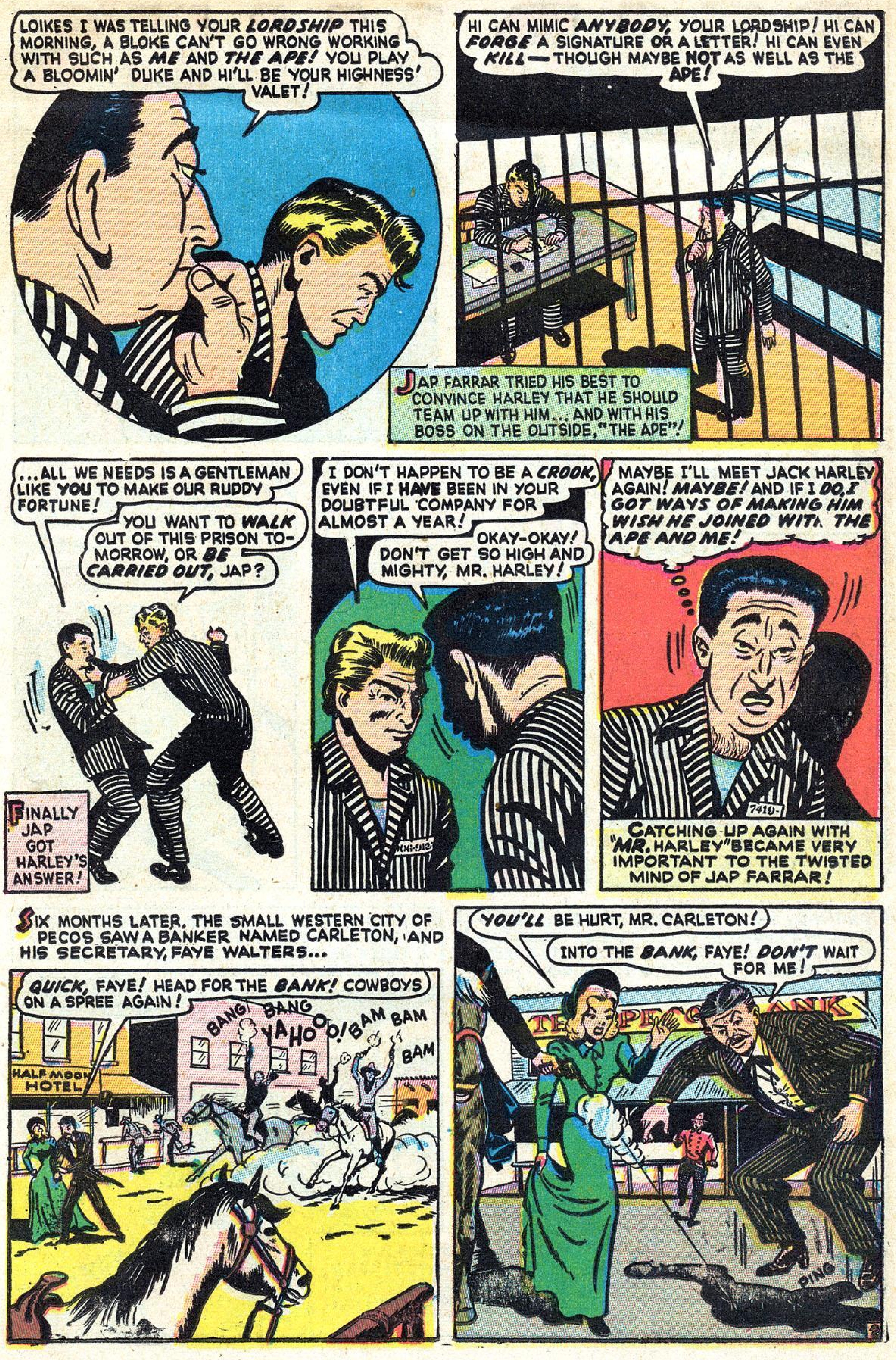
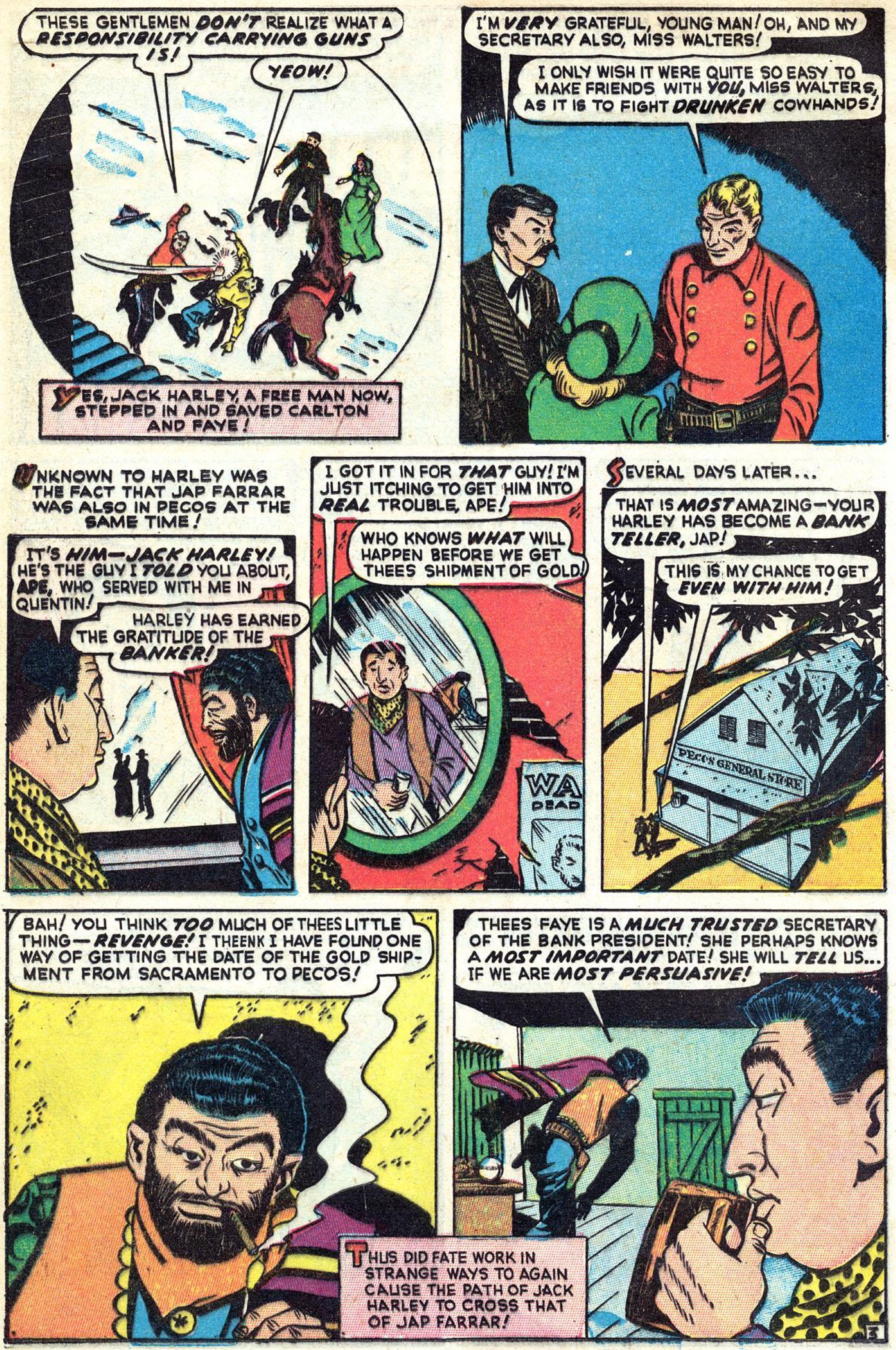
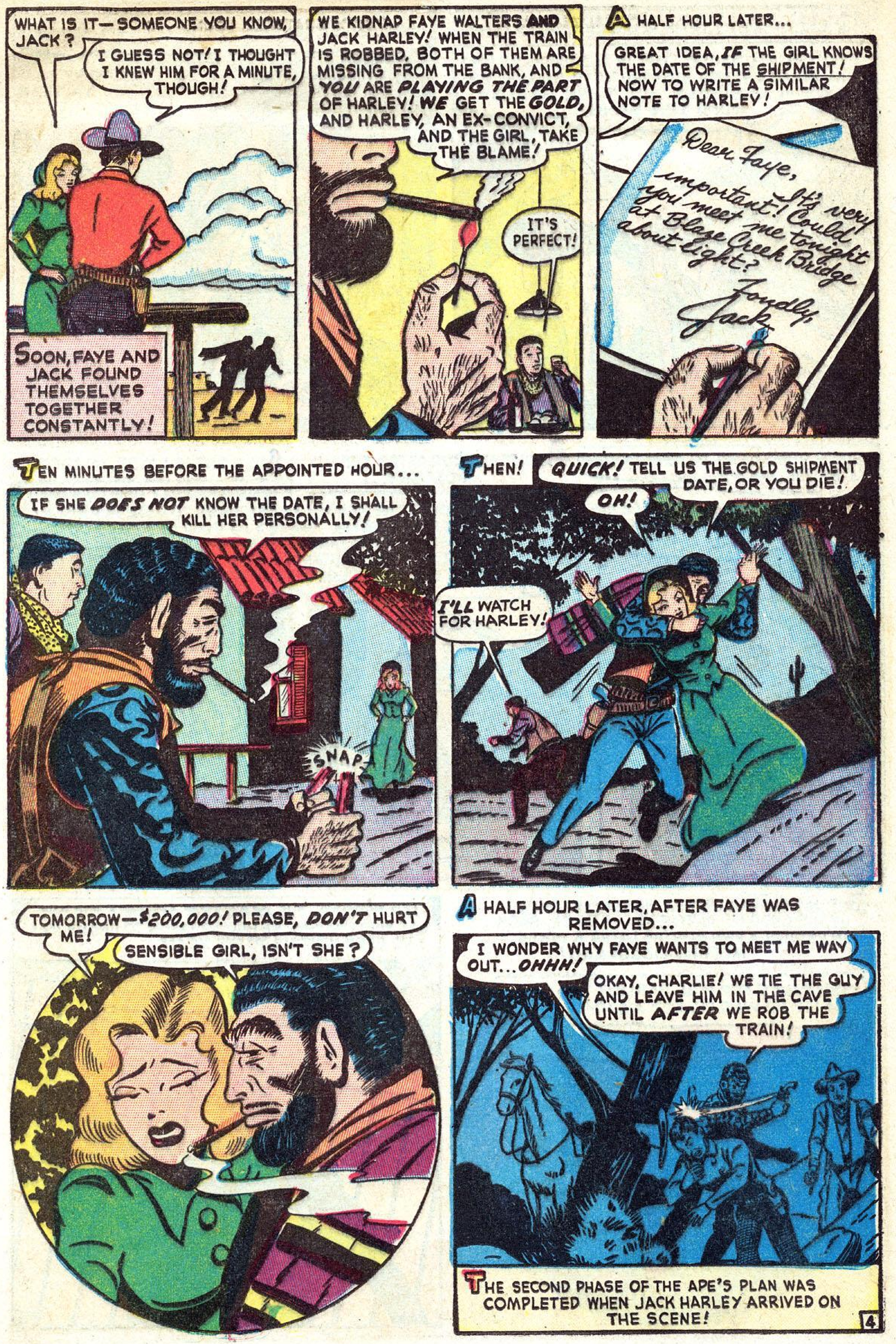
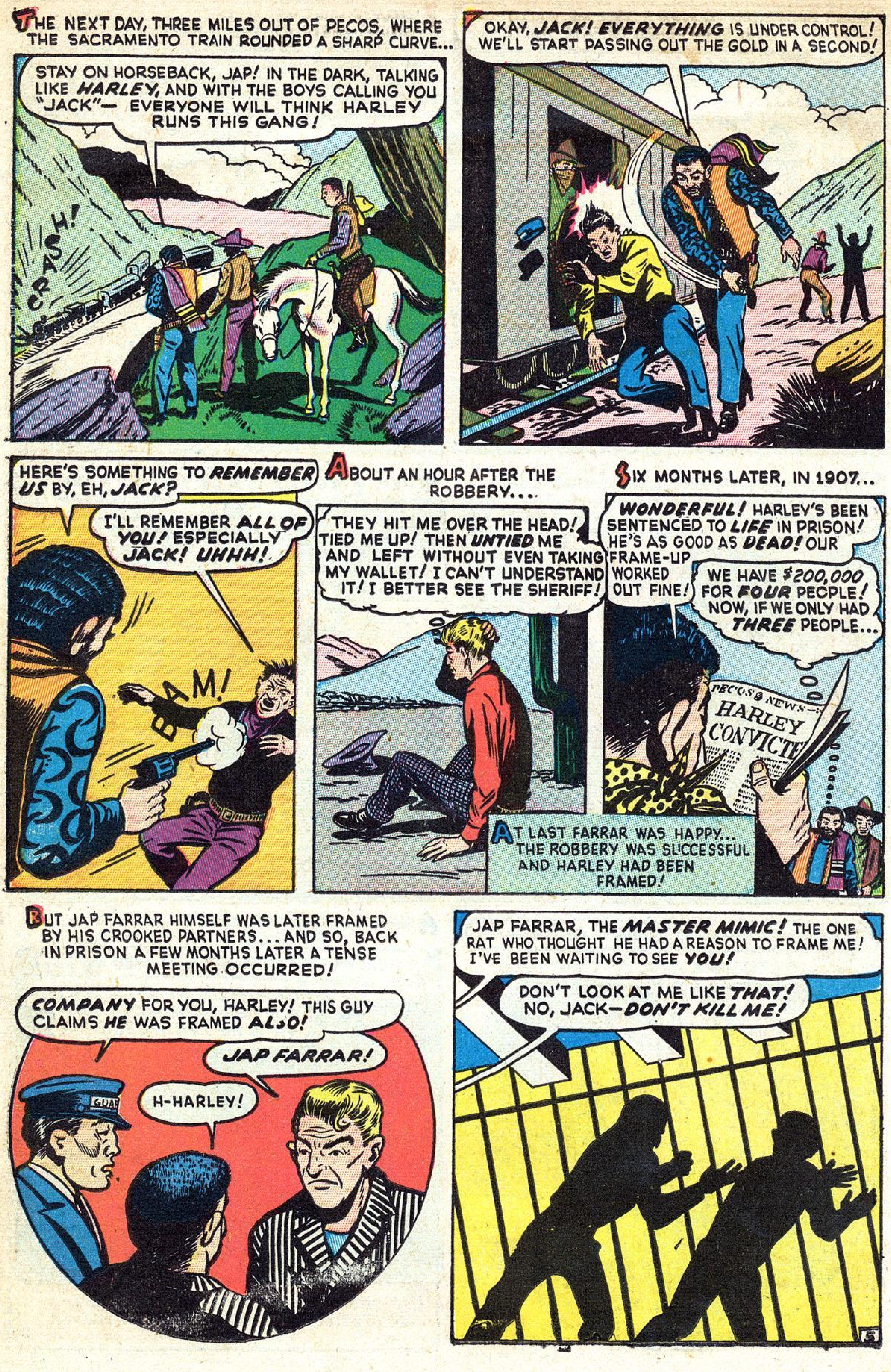
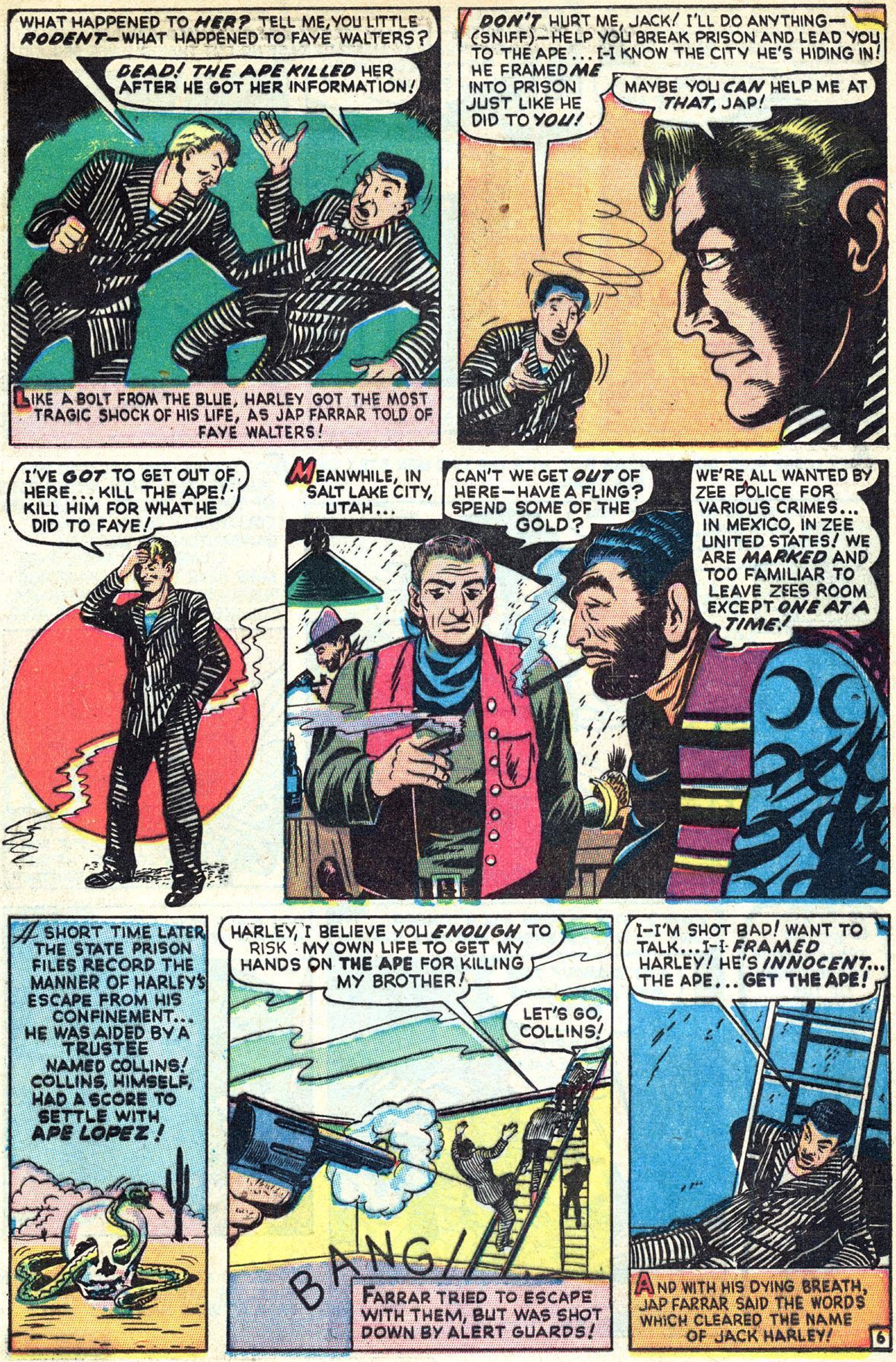
* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.

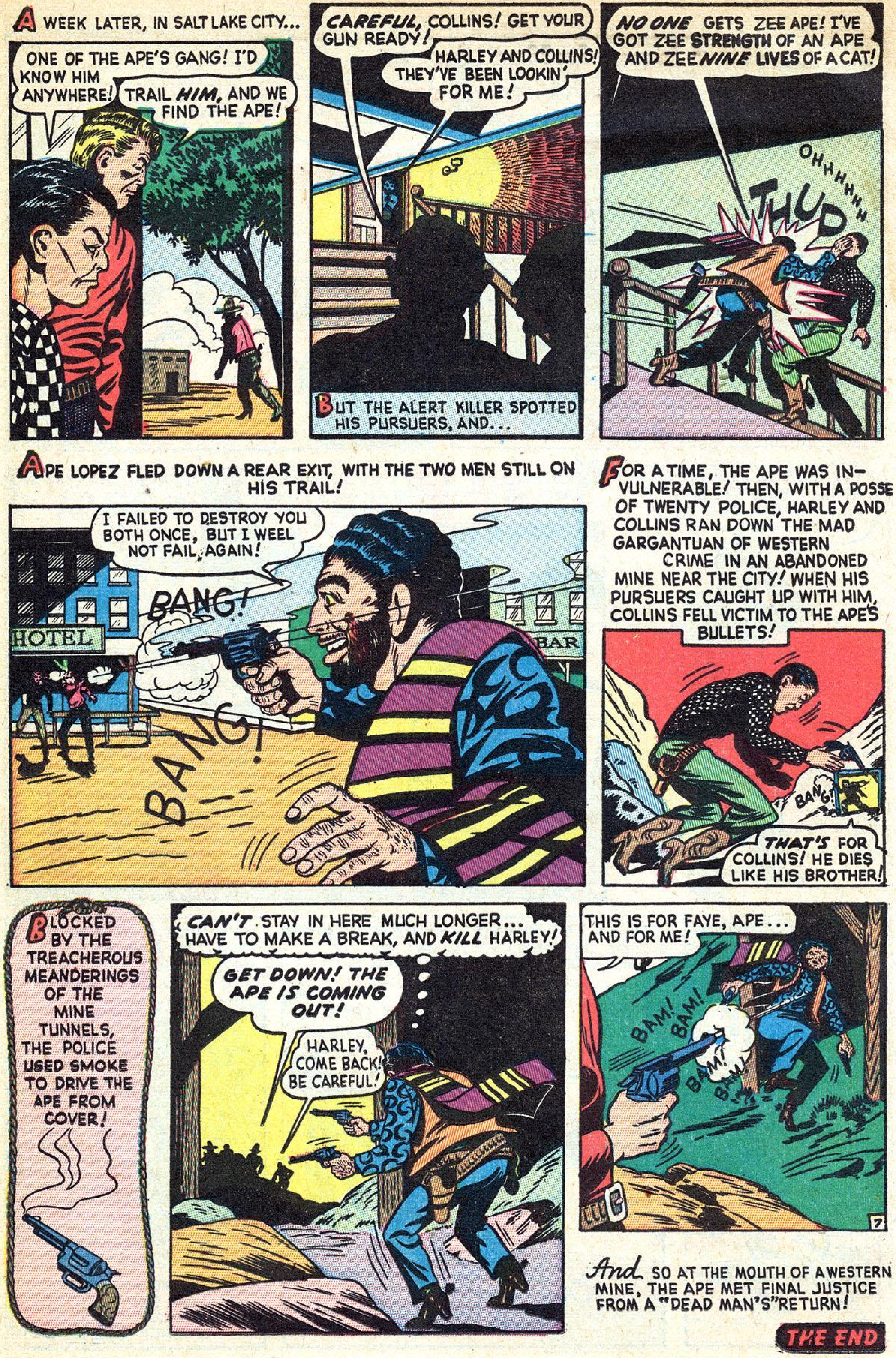

LOIKES I WAS TELLING YOUR LORDSHIP THIS MORNING, A BLOKE CAN'T GO WRONG WORKING WITH SUCH AS ME AND THE APE! YOU PLAY A BLOOMIN' DUKE AND HI'LL BE YOUR HIGHNESS' VALET!
HI CAN MIMIC ANYBODY, YOUR LORDSHIP! HI CAN FORGE A SIGNATURE OR A LETTER! HI CAN EVEN KILL—THOUGH MAYBE NOT AS WELL AS THE APE!
JAP FARRAR TRIED HIS BEST TO CONVINCE HARLEY THAT HE SHOULD TEAM UP WITH HIM... AND WITH HIS BOSS ON THE OUTSIDE, "THE APE"!
...ALL WE NEEDS IS A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU TO MAKE OUR RUDDY FORTUNE!
YOU WANT TO WALK OUT OF THIS PRISON TOMORROW, OR BE CARRIED OUT, JAP?
FINALLY JAP GOT HARLEY'S ANSWER!
I DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A CROOK, EVEN IF I HAVE BEEN IN YOUR DOUBTFUL COMPANY FOR ALMOST A YEAR!
OKAY-OKAY! DON'T GET SO HIGH AND MIGHTY, MR. HARLEY!
MAYBE I'LL MEET JACK HARLEY AGAIN! MAYBE! AND IF I DO, I GOT WAYS OF MAKING HIM WISH HE JOINED WITH THE APE AND ME!
7419
CATCHING UP AGAIN WITH "MR. HARLEY" BECAME VERY IMPORTANT TO THE TWISTED MIND OF JAP FARRAR!
SIX MONTHS LATER, THE SMALL WESTERN CITY OF PECOS SAW A BANKER NAMED CARLETON, AND HIS SECRETARY, FAYE WALTERS...
QUICK, FAYE! HEAD FOR THE BANK! COWBOYS ON A SPREE AGAIN!
BANG BANG
YAHOOO!
BAM BAM BAM
HALF MOON HOTEL
YOU'LL BE HURT, MR. CARLETON!
INTO THE BANK, FAYE! DON'T WAIT FOR ME!
PING


THESE GENTLEMEN DON'T REALIZE WHAT A RESPONSIBILITY CARRYING GUNS IS!
YEOW!
YES, JACK HARLEY, A FREE MAN NOW, STEPPED IN AND SAVED CARLTON AND FAYE!
I'M VERY GRATEFUL, YOUNG MAN! OH, AND MY SECRETARY ALSO, MISS WALTERS!
I ONLY WISH IT WERE QUITE SO EASY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH YOU, MISS WALTERS, AS IT IS TO FIGHT DRUNKEN COWHANDS!
UNKNOWN TO HARLEY WAS THE FACT THAT JAP FARRAR WAS ALSO IN PECOS AT THE SAME TIME!
IT'S HIM—JACK HARLEY! HE'S THE GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT, APE, WHO SERVED WITH ME IN QUENTIN!
HARLEY HAS EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF THE BANKER!
I GOT IT IN FOR THAT GUY! I'M JUST ITCHING TO GET HIM INTO REAL TROUBLE, APE!
WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN BEFORE WE GET THEES SHIPMENT OF GOLD!
WA
DEAD
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
THAT IS MOST AMAZING—YOUR HARLEY HAS BECOME A BANK TELLER, JAP!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH HIM!
PECOS GENERAL STORE
BAH! YOU THINK TOO MUCH OF THEES LITTLE THING—REVENGE! I THEENK I HAVE FOUND ONE WAY OF GETTING THE DATE OF THE GOLD SHIPMENT FROM SACRAMENTO TO PECOS!
THEES FAYE IS A MUCH TRUSTED SECRETARY OF THE BANK PRESIDENT! SHE PERHAPS KNOWS A MOST IMPORTANT DATE! SHE WILL TELL US... IF WE ARE MOST PERSUASIVE!
THUS DID FATE WORK IN STRANGE WAYS TO AGAIN CAUSE THE PATH OF JACK HARLEY TO CROSS THAT OF JAP FARRAR!


WHAT IS IT— SOMEONE YOU KNOW, JACK?
I GUESS NOT! I THOUGHT I KNEW HIM FOR A MINUTE, THOUGH!
SOON, FAYE AND JACK FOUND THEMSELVES TOGETHER CONSTANTLY!
WE KIDNAP FAYE WALTERS AND JACK HARLEY! WHEN THE TRAIN IS ROBBED, BOTH OF THEM ARE MISSING FROM THE BANK, AND YOU ARE PLAYING THE PART OF HARLEY! WE GET THE GOLD, AND HARLEY, AN EX-CONVICT, AND THE GIRL, TAKE THE BLAME!
IT'S PERFECT!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
GREAT IDEA, IF THE GIRL KNOWS THE DATE OF THE SHIPMENT! NOW TO WRITE A SIMILAR NOTE TO HARLEY!
Dear Faye,
It's very important! Could you meet me tonight at Blaze Creek Bridge about eight?
Fondly, Jack
TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE APPOINTED HOUR...
IF SHE DOES NOT KNOW THE DATE, I SHALL KILL HER PERSONALLY!
SNAP
THEN!
QUICK! TELL US THE GOLD SHIPMENT DATE, OR YOU DIE!
OH!
I'LL WATCH FOR HARLEY!
TOMORROW—$200,000! PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME!
SENSIBLE GIRL, ISN'T SHE?
A HALF HOUR LATER, AFTER FAYE WAS REMOVED...
I WONDER WHY FAYE WANTS TO MEET ME WAY OUT...OHHH!
OKAY, CHARLIE! WE TIE THE GUY AND LEAVE HIM IN THE CAVE UNTIL AFTER WE ROB THE TRAIN!
THE SECOND PHASE OF THE APE'S PLAN WAS COMPLETED WHEN JACK HARLEY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE!


THE NEXT DAY, THREE MILES OUT OF PECOS, WHERE THE SACRAMENTO TRAIN ROUNDED A SHARP CURVE...
STAY ON HORSEBACK, JAP! IN THE DARK, TALKING LIKE HARLEY, AND WITH THE BOYS CALLING YOU "JACK"— EVERYONE WILL THINK HARLEY RUNS THIS GANG!
CRASH!
OKAY, JACK! EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL! WE'LL START PASSING OUT THE GOLD IN A SECOND!
HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY, EH, JACK?
I'LL REMEMBER ALL OF YOU! ESPECIALLY JACK! UHHH!
BAM!
ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER THE ROBBERY....
THEY HIT ME OVER THE HEAD! TIED ME UP! THEN UNTIED ME AND LEFT WITHOUT EVEN TAKING MY WALLET! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I BETTER SEE THE SHERIFF!
SIX MONTHS LATER, IN 1907...
WONDERFUL! HARLEY'S BEEN SENTENCED TO LIFE IN PRISON! HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD! OUR FRAME-UP WORKED OUT FINE!
WE HAVE $200,000 FOR FOUR PEOPLE! NOW, IF WE ONLY HAD THREE PEOPLE...
PECOS NEWS
HARLEY CONVICTE
AT LAST FARRAR WAS HAPPY... THE ROBBERY WAS SUCCESSFUL AND HARLEY HAD BEEN FRAMED!
BUT JAP FARRAR HIMSELF WAS LATER FRAMED BY HIS CROOKED PARTNERS... AND SO, BACK IN PRISON A FEW MONTHS LATER A TENSE MEETING OCCURRED!
COMPANY FOR YOU, HARLEY! THIS GUY CLAIMS HE WAS FRAMED ALSO!
JAP FARRAR!
H-HARLEY!
GUAR
JAP FARRAR, THE MASTER MIMIC! THE ONE RAT WHO THOUGHT HE HAD A REASON TO FRAME ME! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU!
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! NO, JACK—DON'T KILL ME!


WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? TELL ME, YOU LITTLE RODENT—WHAT HAPPENED TO FAYE WALTERS?
DEAD! THE APE KILLED HER AFTER HE GOT HER INFORMATION!
LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, HARLEY GOT THE MOST TRAGIC SHOCK OF HIS LIFE, AS JAP FARRAR TOLD OF FAYE WALTERS!
DON'T HURT ME, JACK! I'LL DO ANYTHING—(SNIFF)—HELP YOU BREAK PRISON AND LEAD YOU TO THE APE ... I-I KNOW THE CITY HE'S HIDING IN! HE FRAMED ME INTO PRISON JUST LIKE HE DID TO YOU!
MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME AT THAT, JAP!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... KILL THE APE! KILL HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO FAYE!
MEANWHILE, IN SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH...
CAN'T WE GET OUT OF HERE—HAVE A FLING? SPEND SOME OF THE GOLD?
WE'RE ALL WANTED BY ZEE POLICE FOR VARIOUS CRIMES... IN MEXICO, IN ZEE UNITED STATES! WE ARE MARKED AND TOO FAMILIAR TO LEAVE ZEES ROOM EXCEPT ONE AT A TIME!
A SHORT TIME LATER THE STATE PRISON FILES RECORD THE MANNER OF HARLEY'S ESCAPE FROM HIS CONFINEMENT... HE WAS AIDED BY A TRUSTEE NAMED COLLINS! COLLINS, HIMSELF, HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH APE LOPEZ!
HARLEY, I BELIEVE YOU ENOUGH TO RISK MY OWN LIFE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE APE FOR KILLING MY BROTHER!
LET'S GO, COLLINS!
BANG!!
FARRAR TRIED TO ESCAPE WITH THEM, BUT WAS SHOT DOWN BY ALERT GUARDS!
I-I'M SHOT BAD! WANT TO TALK... I-I FRAMED HARLEY! HE'S INNOCENT... THE APE... GET THE APE!
AND WITH HIS DYING BREATH, JAP FARRAR SAID THE WORDS WHICH CLEARED THE NAME OF JACK HARLEY!


A WEEK LATER, IN SALT LAKE CITY...
ONE OF THE APE'S GANG! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!
TRAIL HIM, AND WE FIND THE APE!
CAREFUL, COLLINS! GET YOUR GUN READY!
HARLEY AND COLLINS! THEY'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR ME!
BUT THE ALERT KILLER SPOTTED HIS PURSUERS, AND...
NO ONE GETS ZEE APE! I'VE GOT ZEE STRENGTH OF AN APE AND ZEE NINE LIVES OF A CAT!
OHHHHHHH
THUD
APE LOPEZ FLED DOWN A REAR EXIT, WITH THE TWO MEN STILL ON HIS TRAIL!
I FAILED TO DESTROY YOU BOTH ONCE, BUT I WEEL NOT FAIL AGAIN!
HOTEL
BANG!
BAR
BANG!
FOR A TIME, THE APE WAS INVULNERABLE! THEN, WITH A POSSE OF TWENTY POLICE, HARLEY AND COLLINS RAN DOWN THE MAD GARGANTUAN OF WESTERN CRIME IN AN ABANDONED MINE NEAR THE CITY! WHEN HIS PURSUERS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, COLLINS FELL VICTIM TO THE APE'S BULLETS!
BANG!
THAT'S FOR COLLINS! HE DIES LIKE HIS BROTHER!
BLOCKED BY THE TREACHEROUS MEANDERINGS OF THE MINE TUNNELS, THE POLICE USED SMOKE TO DRIVE THE APE FROM COVER!
CAN'T STAY IN HERE MUCH LONGER... HAVE TO MAKE A BREAK, AND KILL HARLEY!
GET DOWN! THE APE IS COMING OUT!
HARLEY, COME BACK! BE CAREFUL!
THIS IS FOR FAYE, APE... AND FOR ME!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!
7
And SO AT THE MOUTH OF A WESTERN MINE, THE APE MET FINAL JUSTICE FROM A "DEAD MAN'S" RETURN!
THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

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FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

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871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for $2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

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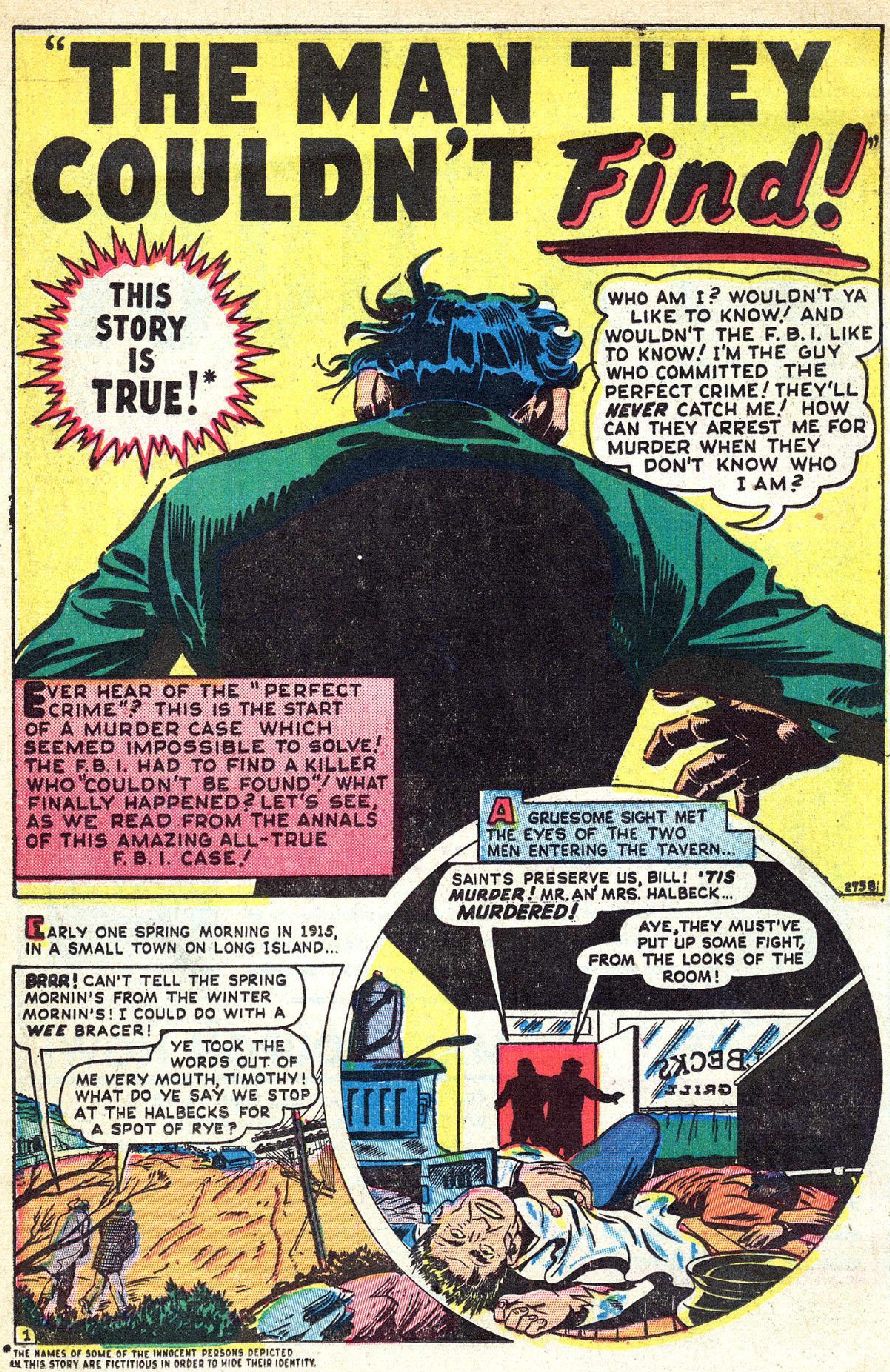
"THE MAN THEY COULDN'T *Find!*"


THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
WHO AM I? WOULDN'T YA LIKE TO KNOW! AND WOULDN'T THE F. B. I. LIKE TO KNOW! I'M THE GUY WHO COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME! HOW CAN THEY ARREST ME FOR MURDER WHEN THEY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
EVER HEAR OF THE "PERFECT CRIME"? THIS IS THE START OF A MURDER CASE WHICH SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE TO SOLVE! THE F.B.I. HAD TO FIND A KILLER WHO "COULDN'T BE FOUND"! WHAT FINALLY HAPPENED? LET'S SEE, AS WE READ FROM THE ANNALS OF THIS AMAZING ALL-TRUE F. B. I. CASE!
2758
EARLY ONE SPRING MORNING IN 1915, IN A SMALL TOWN ON LONG ISLAND...
BRRR! CAN'T TELL THE SPRING MORNIN'S FROM THE WINTER MORNIN'S! I COULD DO WITH A WEE BRACER!
YE TOOK THE WORDS OUT OF ME VERY MOUTH, TIMOTHY! WHAT DO YE SAY WE STOP AT THE HALBECKS FOR A SPOT OF RYE?
1
A GRUESOME SIGHT MET THE EYES OF THE TWO MEN ENTERING THE TAVERN...
SAINTS PRESERVE US, BILL! 'TIS MURDER! MR. AN' MRS. HALBECK... MURDERED!
AYE, THEY MUST'VE PUT UP SOME FIGHT, FROM THE LOOKS OF THE ROOM!
BECKS GRILL

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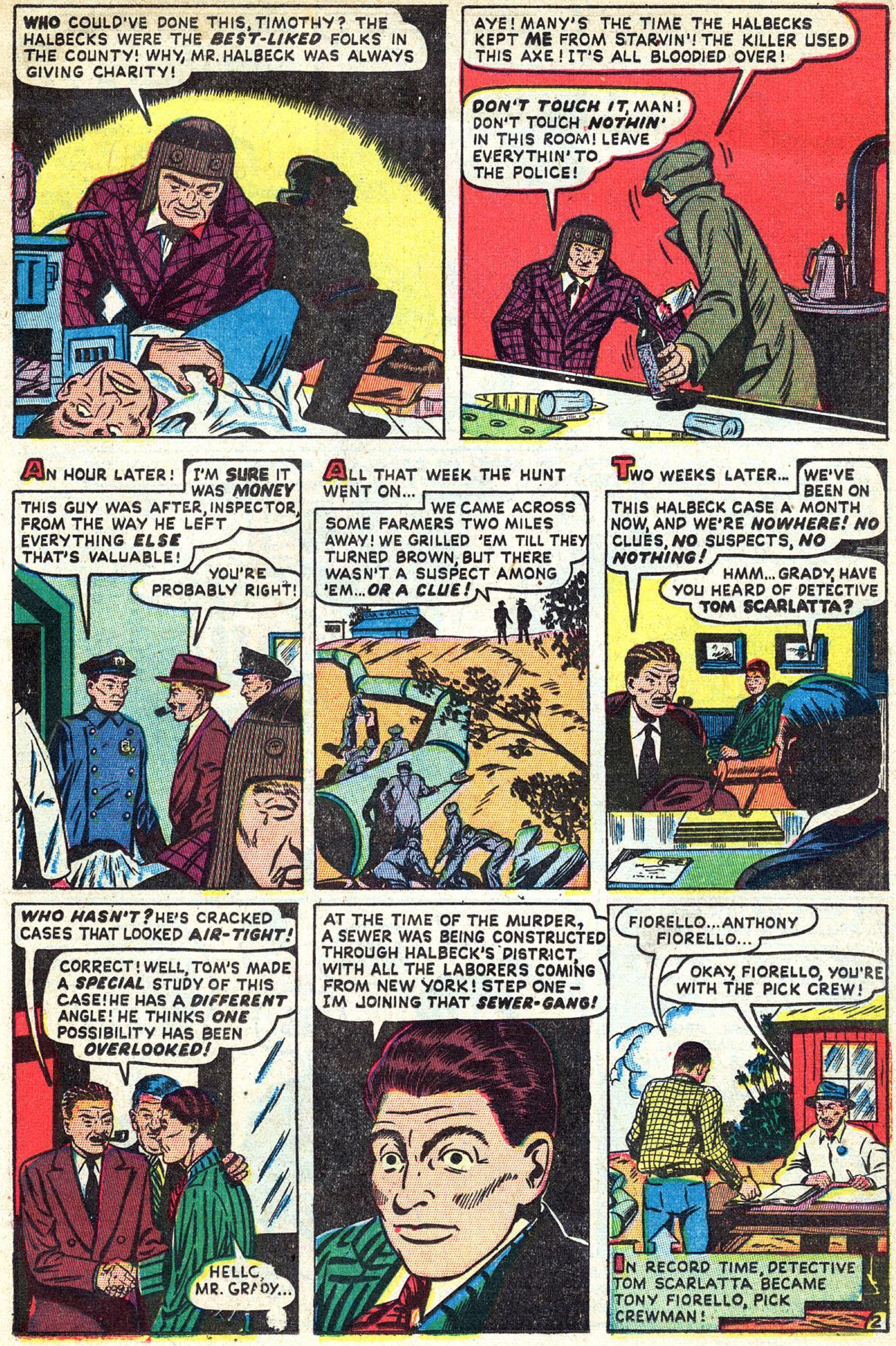
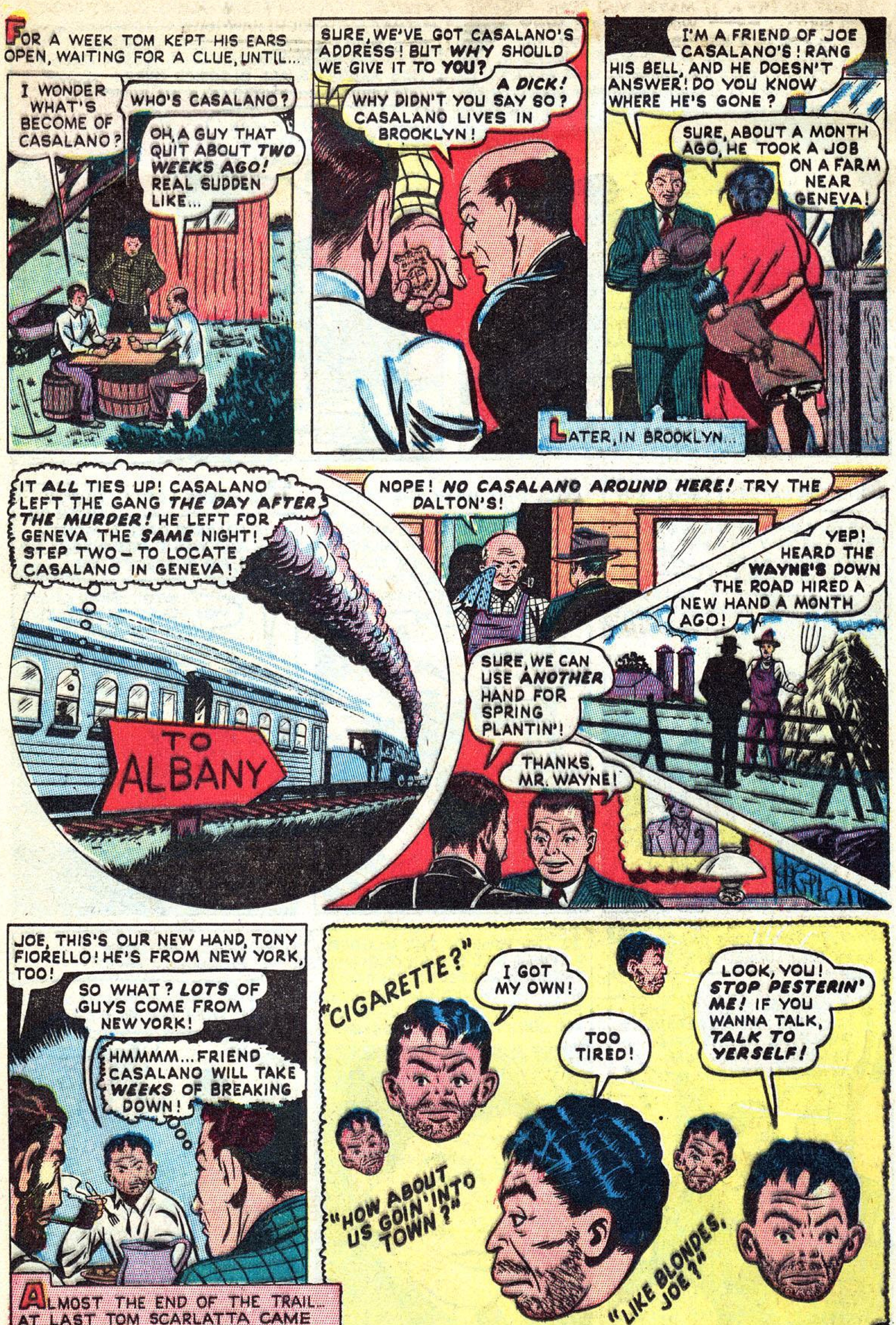
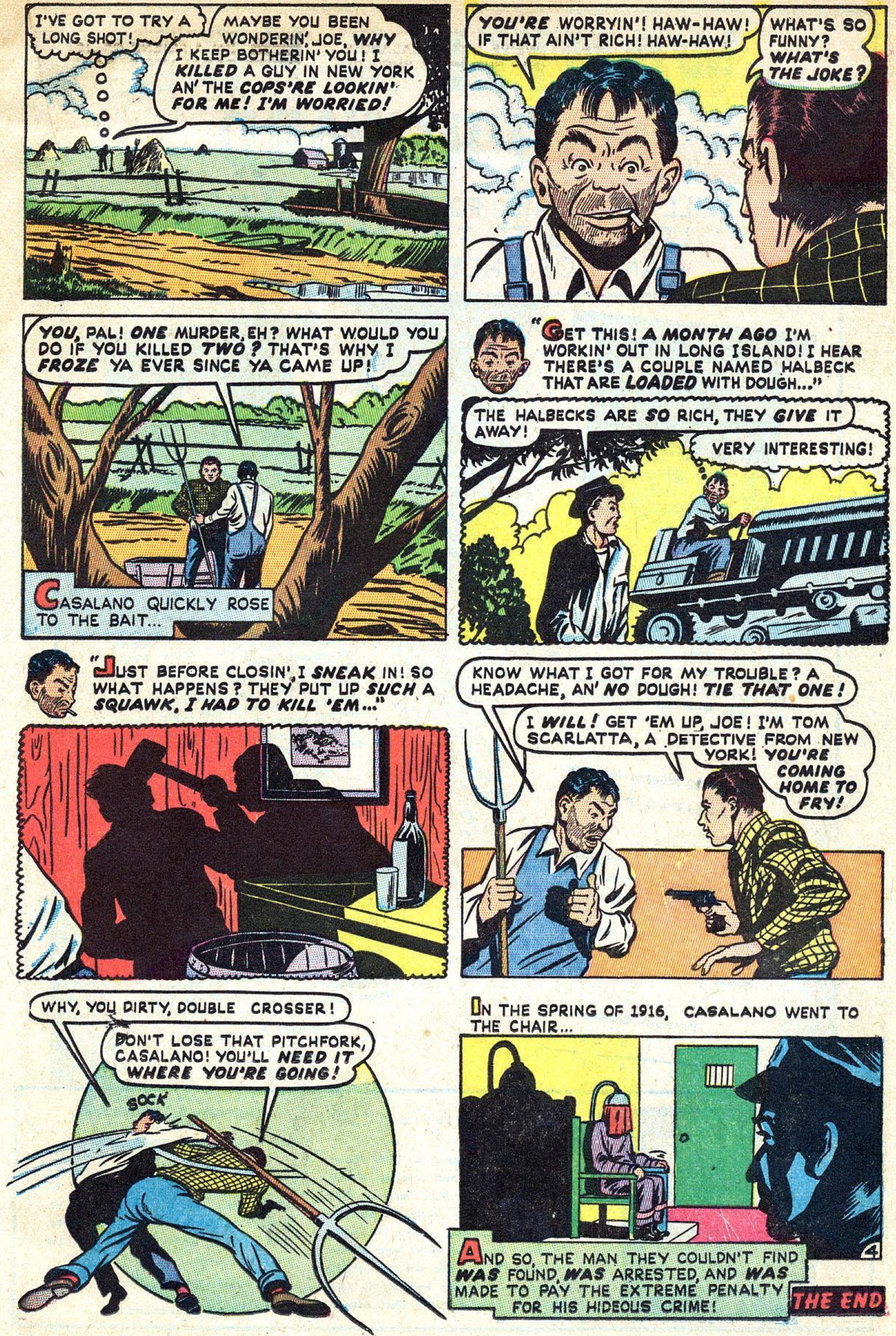
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.


WHO COULD'VE DONE THIS, TIMOTHY? THE HALBECKS WERE THE BEST-LIKED FOLKS IN THE COUNTY! WHY, MR. HALBECK WAS ALWAYS GIVING CHARITY!
AYE! MANY'S THE TIME THE HALBECKS KEPT ME FROM STARVIN'! THE KILLER USED THIS AXE! IT'S ALL BLOODIED OVER!
DON'T TOUCH IT, MAN! DON'T TOUCH NOTHIN' IN THIS ROOM! LEAVE EVERYTHIN' TO THE POLICE!
AN HOUR LATER!
I'M SURE IT WAS MONEY THIS GUY WAS AFTER, INSPECTOR, FROM THE WAY HE LEFT EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S VALUABLE!
YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT!
ALL THAT WEEK THE HUNT WENT ON...
WE CAME ACROSS SOME FARMERS TWO MILES AWAY! WE GRILLED 'EM TILL THEY TURNED BROWN, BUT THERE WASN'T A SUSPECT AMONG 'EM...OR A CLUE!
BAR + GRILL
TWO WEEKS LATER...
WE'VE BEEN ON THIS HALBECK CASE A MONTH NOW, AND WE'RE NOWHERE! NO CLUES, NO SUSPECTS, NO NOTHING!
HMM... GRADY, HAVE YOU HEARD OF DETECTIVE TOM SCARLATTA?
WHO HASN'T? HE'S CRACKED CASES THAT LOOKED AIR-TIGHT!
CORRECT! WELL, TOM'S MADE A SPECIAL STUDY OF THIS CASE! HE HAS A DIFFERENT ANGLE! HE THINKS ONE POSSIBILITY HAS BEEN OVERLOOKED!
HELLO, MR. GRADY...
AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER, A SEWER WAS BEING CONSTRUCTED THROUGH HALBECK'S DISTRICT, WITH ALL THE LABORERS COMING FROM NEW YORK! STEP ONE—IM JOINING THAT SEWER-GANG!
FIORELLO... ANTHONY FIORELLO...
OKAY, FIORELLO, YOU'RE WITH THE PICK CREW!
IN RECORD TIME, DETECTIVE TOM SCARLATTA BECAME TONY FIORELLO, PICK CREWMAN!
2


FOR A WEEK TOM KEPT HIS EARS OPEN, WAITING FOR A CLUE, UNTIL...
I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF CASALANO?
WHO'S CASALANO?
OH, A GUY THAT QUIT ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO! REAL SUDDEN LIKE...
SURE, WE'VE GOT CASALANO'S ADDRESS! BUT WHY SHOULD WE GIVE IT TO YOU?
A DICK! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? CASALANO LIVES IN BROOKLYN!
LATER, IN BROOKLYN...
I'M A FRIEND OF JOE CASALANO'S! RANG HIS BELL, AND HE DOESN'T ANSWER! DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE'S GONE?
SURE, ABOUT A MONTH AGO, HE TOOK A JOB ON A FARM NEAR GENEVA!
IT ALL TIES UP! CASALANO LEFT THE GANG THE DAY AFTER THE MURDER! HE LEFT FOR GENEVA THE SAME NIGHT! STEP TWO – TO LOCATE CASALANO IN GENEVA!
TO ALBANY
NOPE! NO CASALANO AROUND HERE! TRY THE DALTON'S!
YEP! HEARD THE WAYNE'S DOWN THE ROAD HIRED A NEW HAND A MONTH AGO!
SURE, WE CAN USE ANOTHER HAND FOR SPRING PLANTIN'!
THANKS, MR. WAYNE!
JOE, THIS'S OUR NEW HAND, TONY FIORELLO! HE'S FROM NEW YORK, TOO!
SO WHAT? LOTS OF GUYS COME FROM NEW YORK!
HMMMM... FRIEND CASALANO WILL TAKE WEEKS OF BREAKING DOWN!
ALMOST THE END OF THE TRAIL... AT LAST TOM SCARLATTA CAME FACE TO FACE WITH JOE CASALANO...
"CIGARETTE?"
I GOT MY OWN!
"HOW ABOUT US GOIN' INTO TOWN?"
TOO TIRED!
"LIKE BLONDES, JOE?"
LOOK, YOU! STOP PESTERIN' ME! IF YOU WANNA TALK, TALK TO YERSELF!

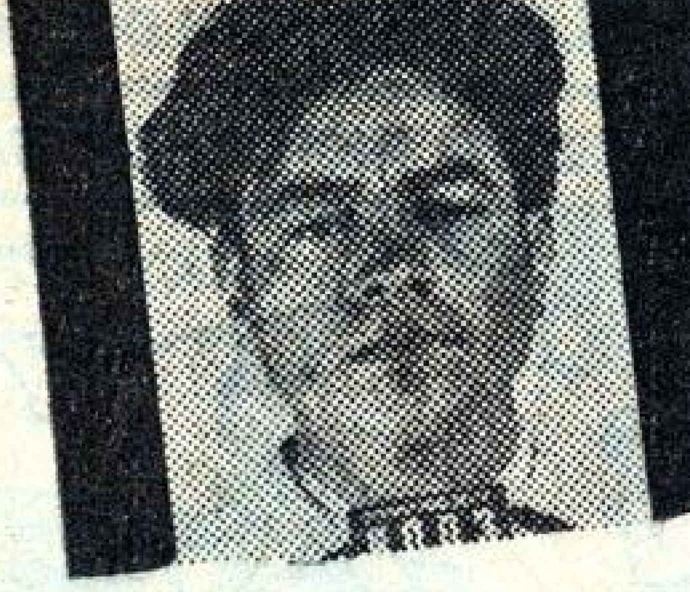

I'VE GOT TO TRY A LONG SHOT!
MAYBE YOU BEEN WONDERIN', JOE, *WHY* I KEEP BOTHERIN' YOU! I *KILLED* A GUY IN NEW YORK AN' THE *COPS'RE LOOKIN'* *FOR ME! I'M WORRIED!*
YOU'RE WORRYIN'! HAW-HAW! IF THAT AIN'T RICH! HAW-HAW!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY? *WHAT'S THE JOKE?*
YOU, PAL! *ONE* MURDER, EH? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU KILLED *TWO?* THAT'S WHY I *FROZE* YA EVER SINCE YA CAME UP!
CASALANO QUICKLY ROSE TO THE BAIT...
"GET THIS! *A MONTH AGO* I'M WORKIN' OUT IN LONG ISLAND! I HEAR THERE'S A COUPLE NAMED HALBECK THAT ARE *LOADED* WITH DOUGH..."
THE HALBECKS ARE *SO* RICH, THEY *GIVE* IT AWAY!
VERY INTERESTING!
"JUST BEFORE CLOSIN', I *SNEAK* IN! SO WHAT HAPPENS? THEY PUT UP *SUCH* A *SQUAWK, I HAD TO KILL 'EM...*"
KNOW WHAT I GOT FOR MY TROUBLE? A HEADACHE, AN' *NO* DOUGH! *TIE THAT ONE!*
I *WILL!* GET 'EM UP, JOE! I'M TOM SCARLATTA, A DETECTIVE FROM NEW YORK! *YOU'RE COMING HOME TO FRY!*
WHY, YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE CROSSER!
DON'T LOSE THAT PITCHFORK, CASALANO! YOU'LL *NEED IT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!*
SOCK
IN THE SPRING OF 1916, CASALANO WENT TO THE CHAIR...
AND SO, THE MAN THEY COULDN'T FIND *WAS* FOUND, *WAS* ARRESTED, AND *WAS* MADE TO PAY THE EXTREME PENALTY FOR HIS HIDEOUS CRIME!
THE END

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

ADELAIDO MORENO



DESCRIPTION

Age. 42. born Batuco. Sonora. Mexico: Height, 5 feet, 5 inches: Weight, 140 pounds: Build. medium: Eyes. black: Hair, black: Complexion. dark: Nationality. Mexican: Occupation. laborer: Scars and Marks: cut scar base outer right index finger: cut scar inner right wrist: cut scar tip left little finger.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

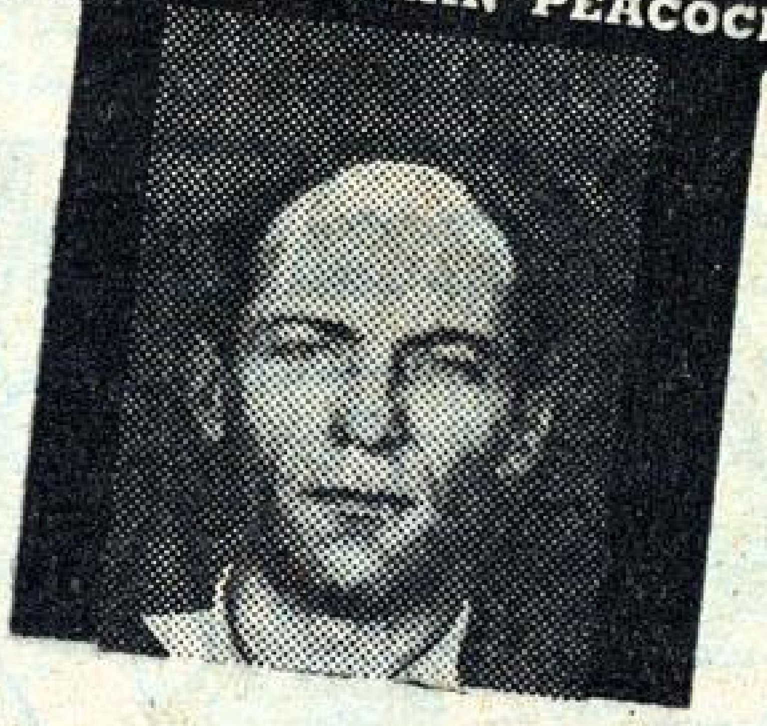
CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1931. Adelaido Moreno has been arrested on numerous occasions in Arizona and California for violation of the Immigration Laws. Adelaido Moreno escaped from Federal Prison Camp No. 10. Tucson. Arizona, July 29, 1934. while serving seven months for violation of Immigration Laws.

Fingerprint Classification:

18 L 1 R OOO 9
S 1 R III

EVERETT ORAN PEACOCK



With aliases: Ralph Eddy Dunlap, Benjami Eagan, Benny Gordon, William Patterson Ralph Watson, Jesse C. Winters

DESCRIPTION

Age, 37, born May 18, 1910, Seymour Indiana; Height, 5 feet, 7 inches; Weight, 135 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, blue; Hair, dark brown, curly, bald on top; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, lathe sander, planer operator, textile worker; Scars and marks, hypodermic scars on arms, 3 inch burn scar on neck, 1 inch burn scar on chin.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since 1928, Everett Oran Peacock has been arrested on numerous occasions in several states on charges which include larceny, vagrancy, shoplifting, jail breaking, violation of Narcotics Laws, and violations of the White Slave Traffic Act. On January 13, 1946, Everett Oran Peacock escaped from the U. S. Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky, where he was being held temporarily as a federal prisoner after being sentenced to serve five years' imprisonment for a violation of the White Slave Traffic Act

Fingerprint Classification:

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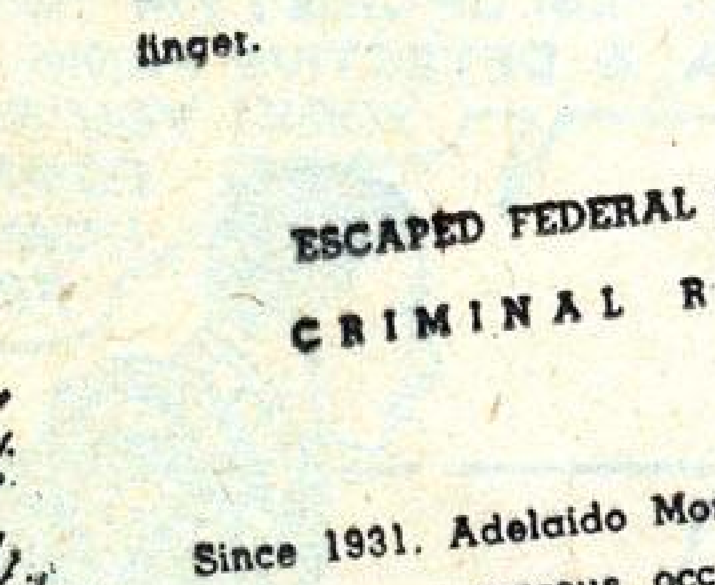
GEORGE ELMO WELLS



DESCRIPTION

Age. 33. born January 16. 1915. Auxier. Kentucky. Height, 5 feet. 5 inches: Weight, 115 to 125 pounds: Build. medium: Eyes. blue: Hair, black. curly: Complexion, medium dark, Race, white: Nationality, American: Education, senior year college: Peculiarities. soft voice. flat feet. slightly bowlegged, noticeable tendency to raise chin as if to loosen collar when nervous.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID

PROSECUTON FOR MURDER

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Berea, Kentucky, August 18, 1937, charging George Elmo Wells with unlawfully fleeing from the State of Kentucky, with intent to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:

(none available)

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

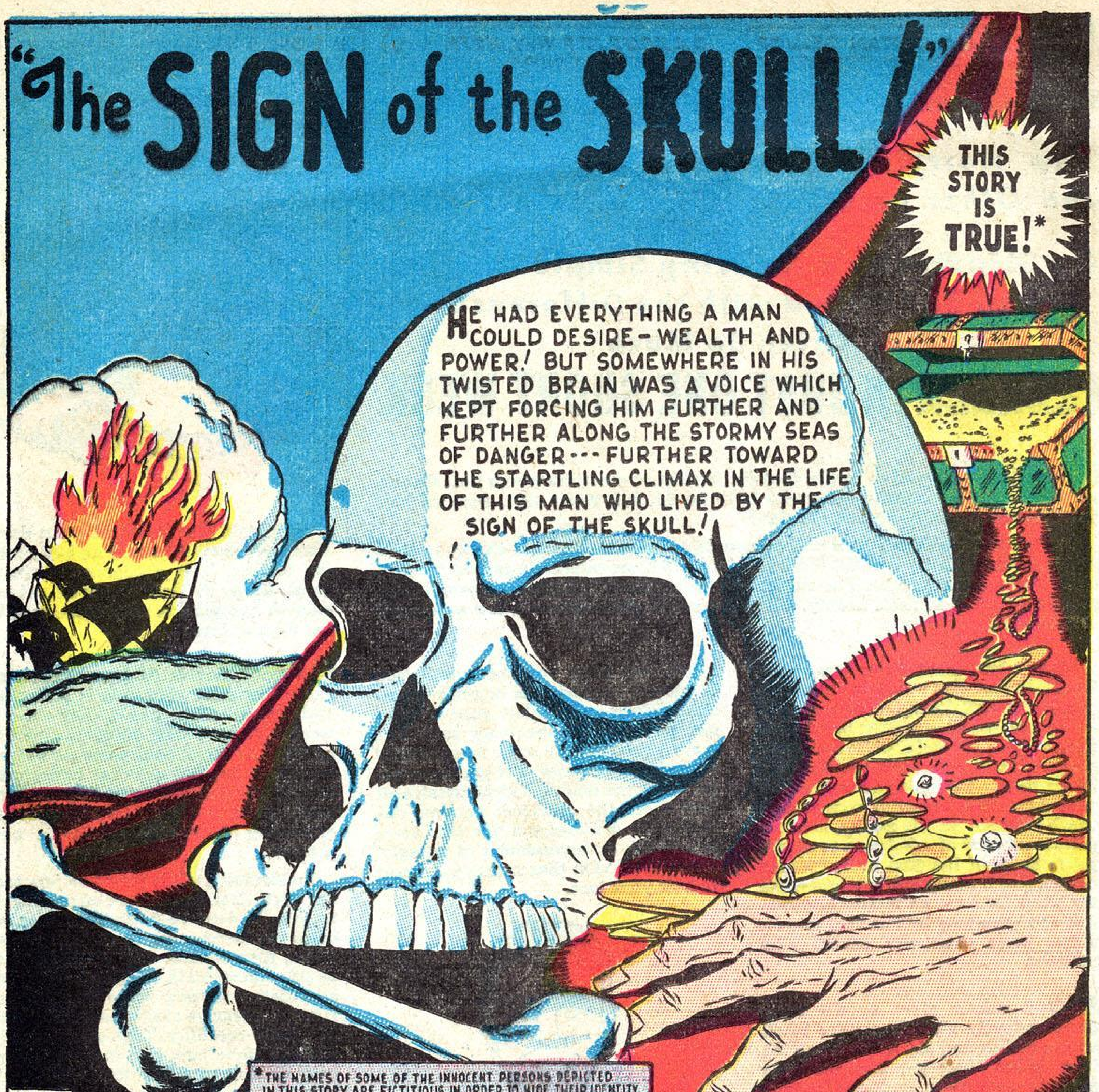
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

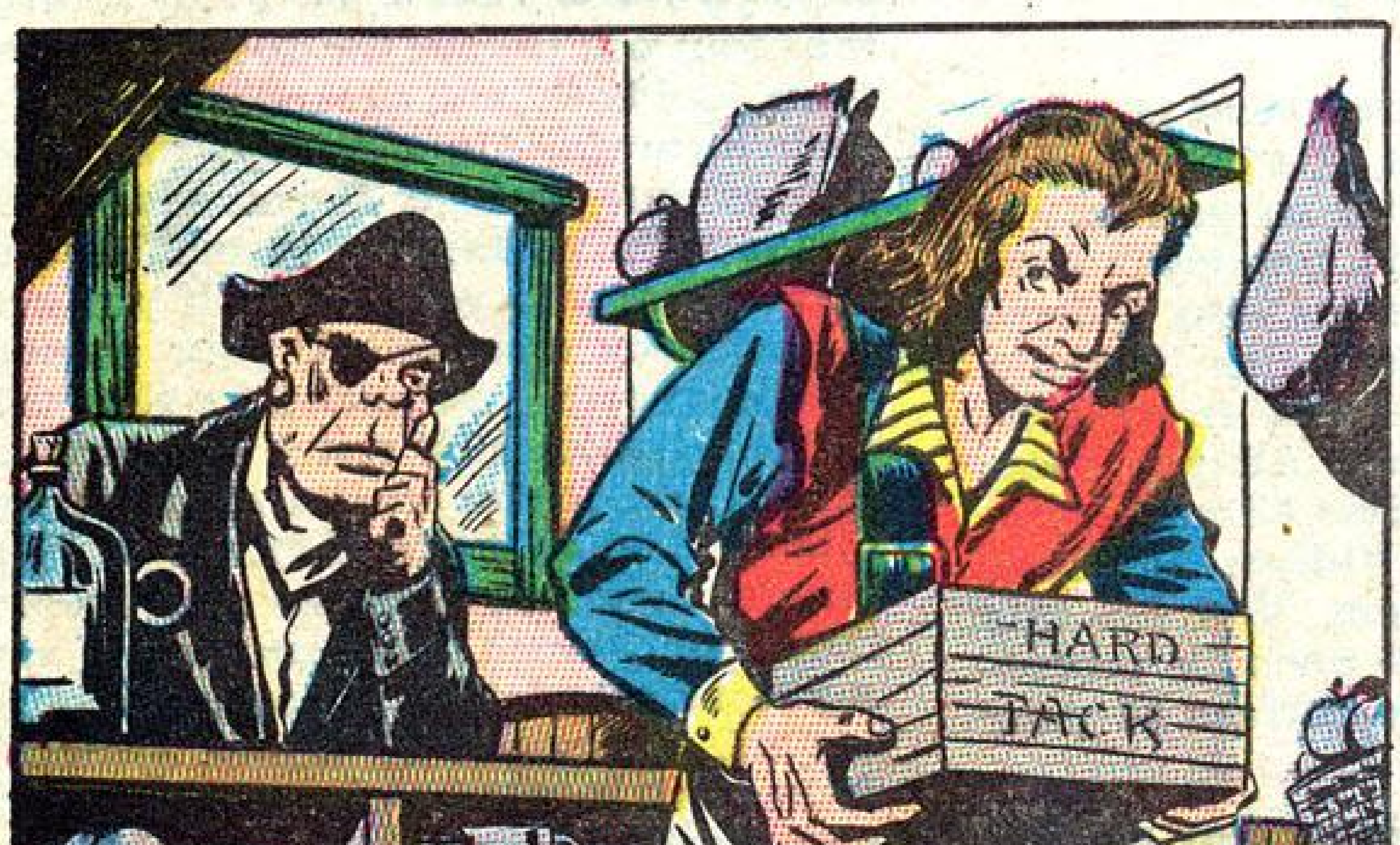
Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 369 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

"The SIGN of the SKULL!"

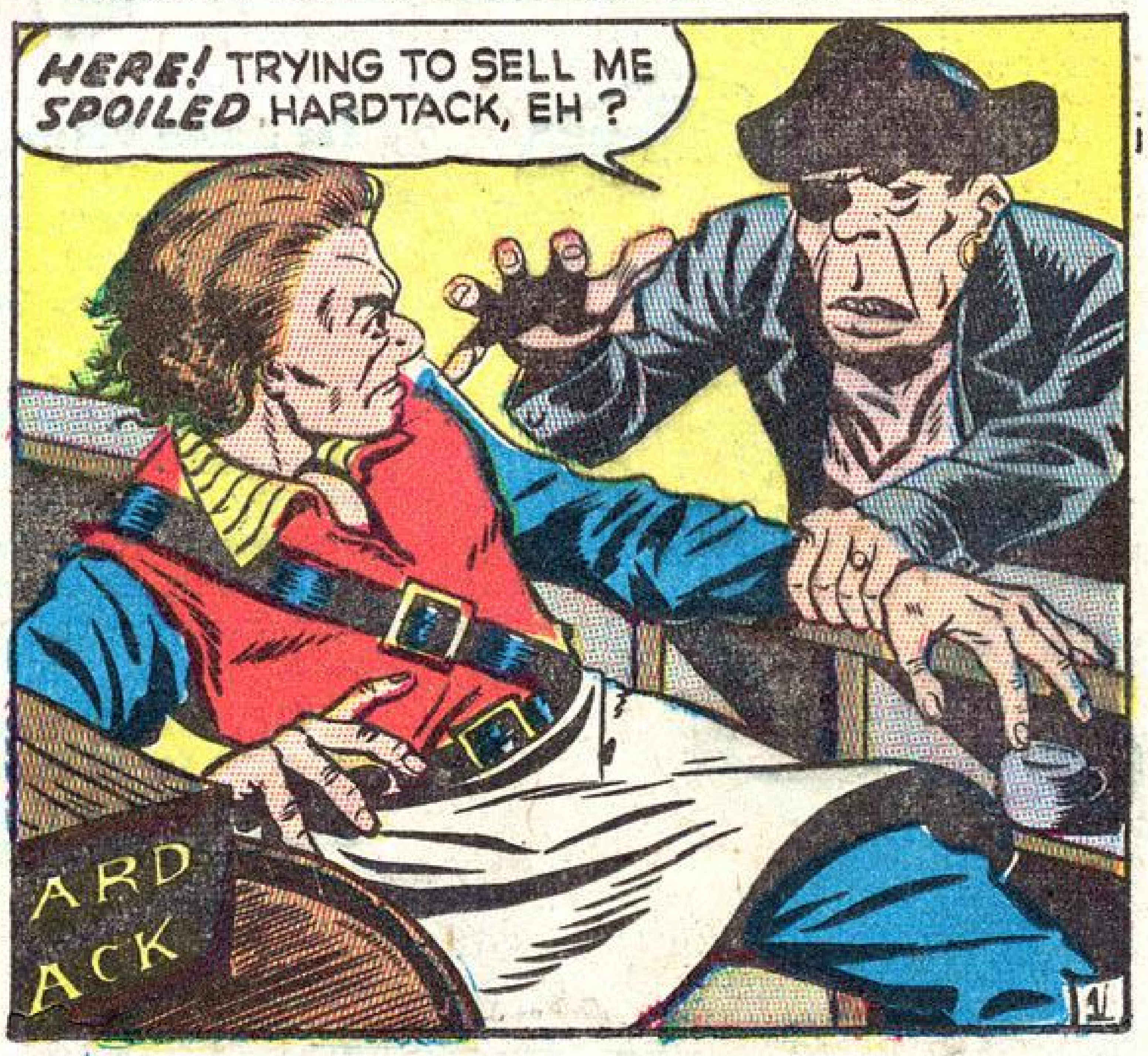

THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
HE HAD EVERYTHING A MAN COULD DESIRE—WEALTH AND POWER! BUT SOMEWHERE IN HIS TWISTED BRAIN WAS A VOICE WHICH KEPT FORCING HIM FURTHER AND FURTHER ALONG THE STORMY SEAS OF DANGER--- FURTHER TOWARD THE STARTLING CLIMAX IN THE LIFE OF THIS MAN WHO LIVED BY THE SIGN OF THE SKULL!
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY
2670

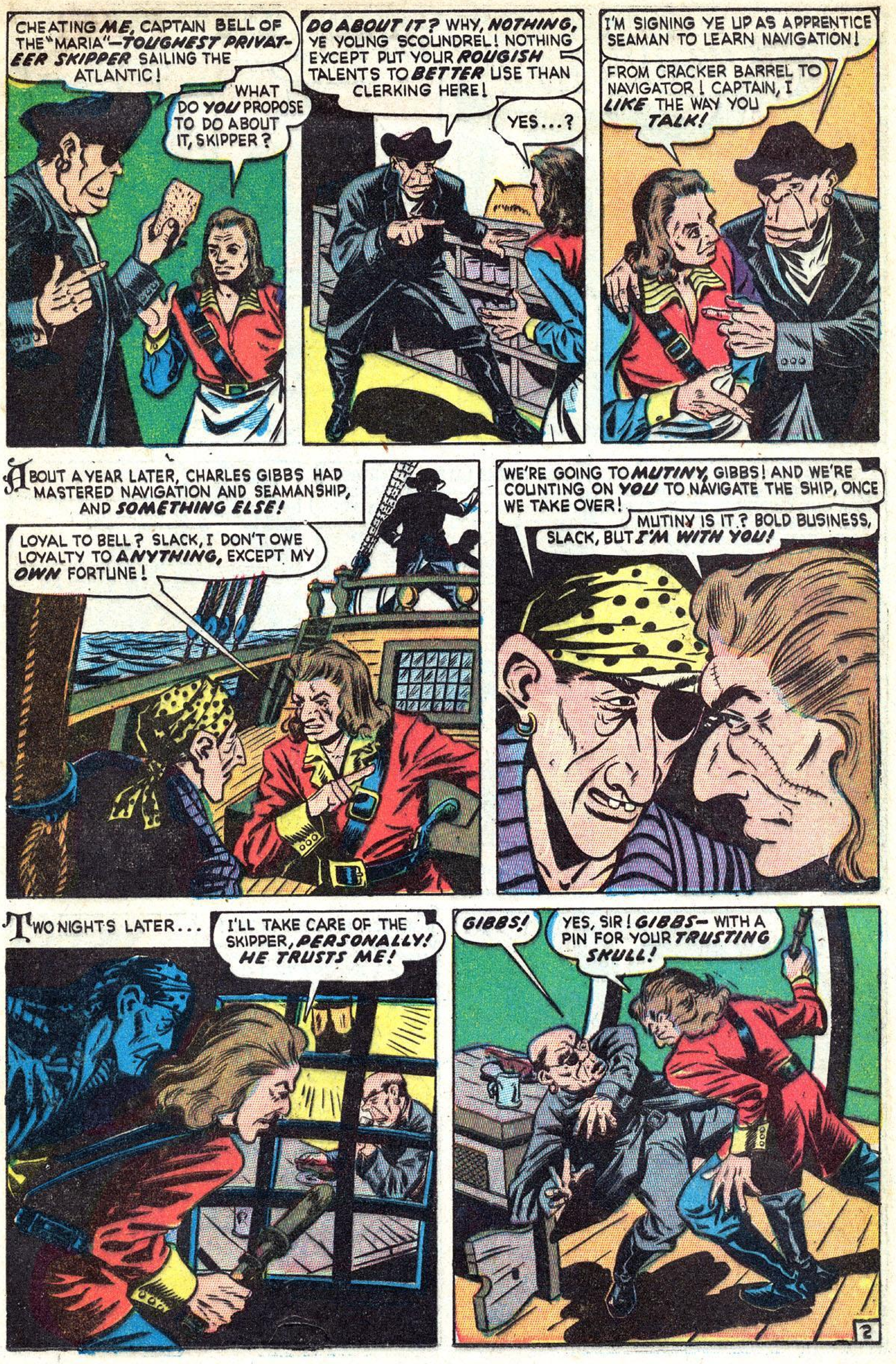
IN 1815, AT THE AGE OF 21, CHARLES GIBBS GAVE SMALL PROMISE OF BECOMING THE BLOODIEST PIRATE IN AMERICAN HISTORY!

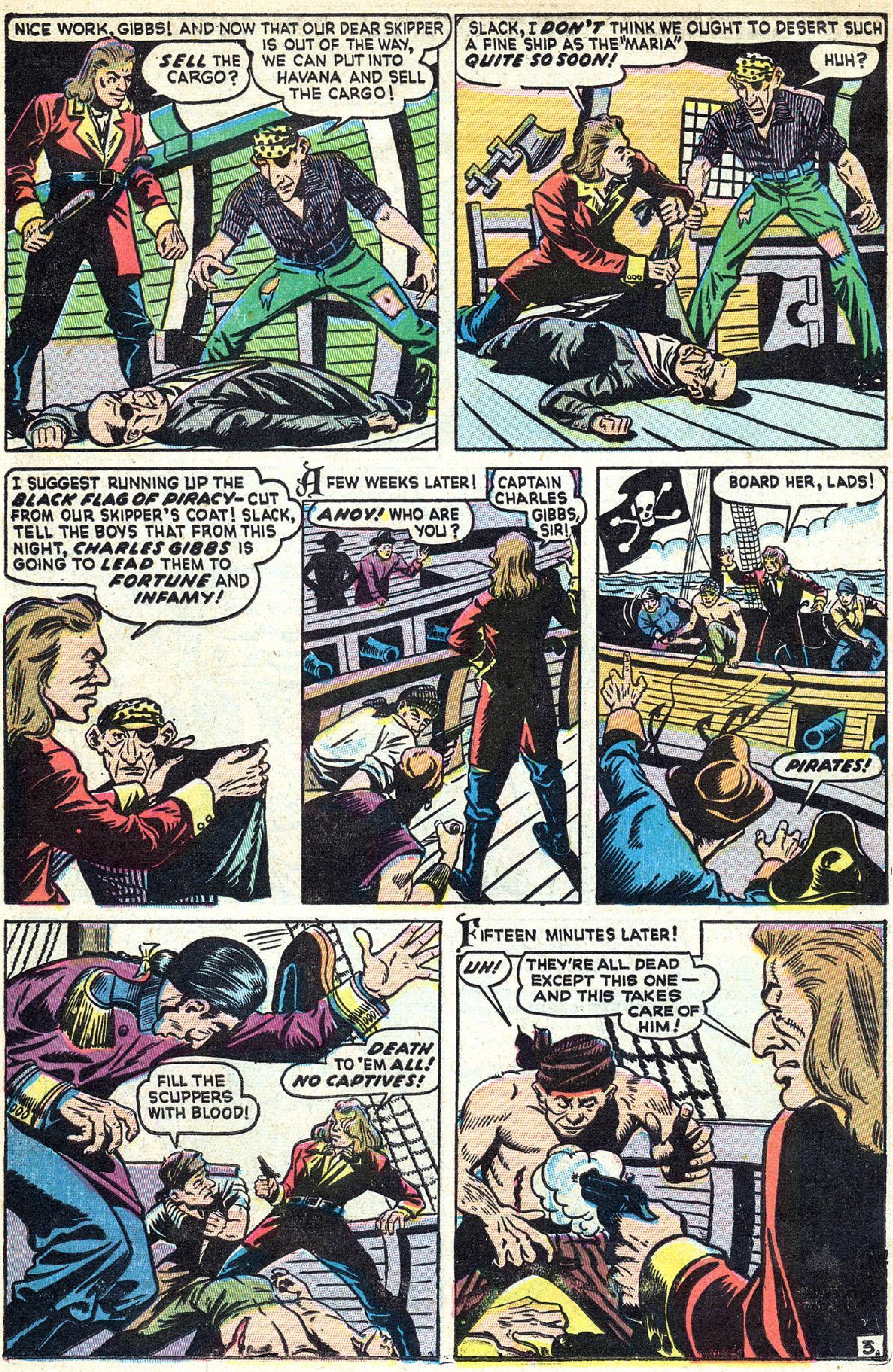

HARD TACK
FLOUR

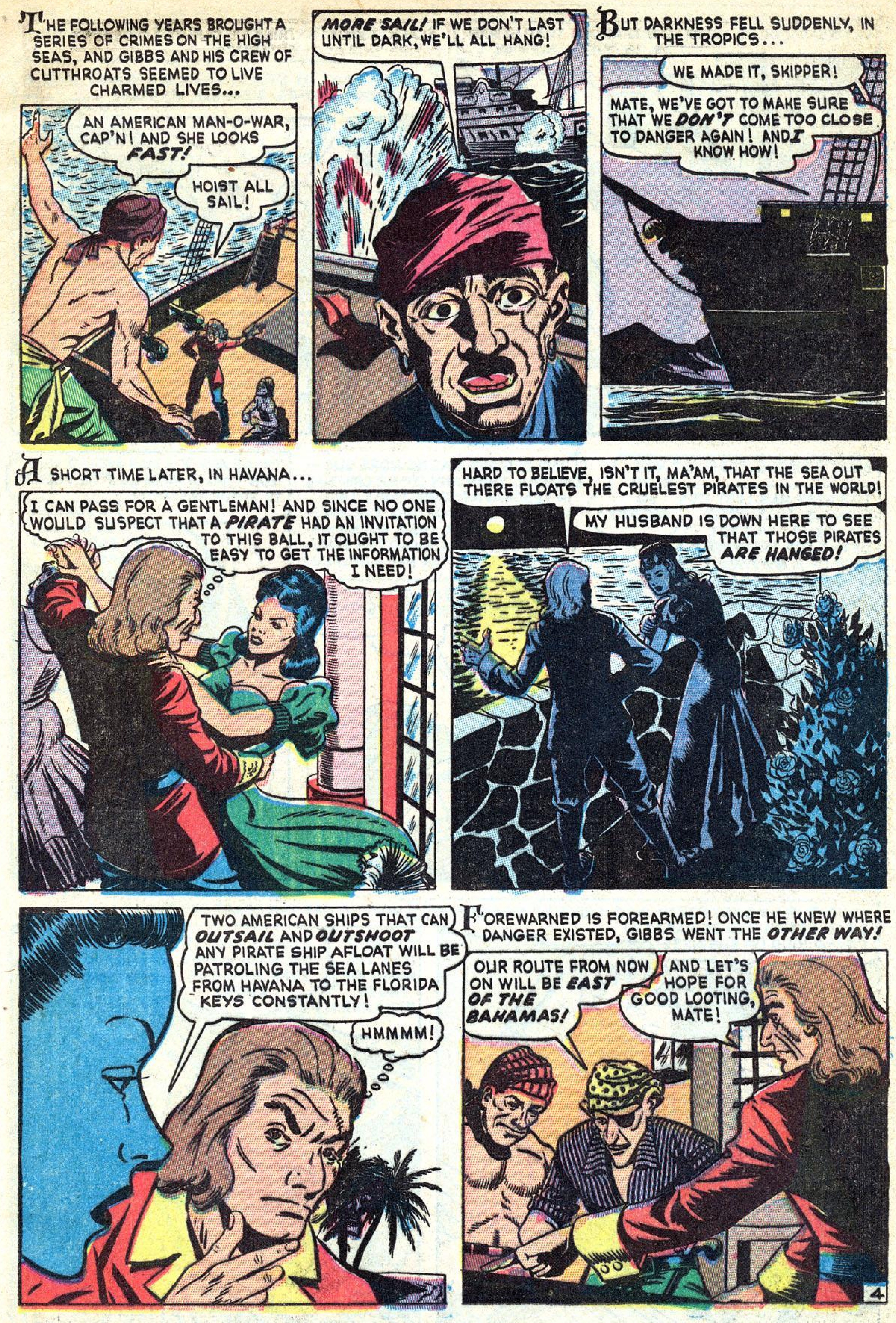
AT THAT TIME, HE WAS A MERE GROCER'S CLERK ON THE BOSTON WATERFRONT!

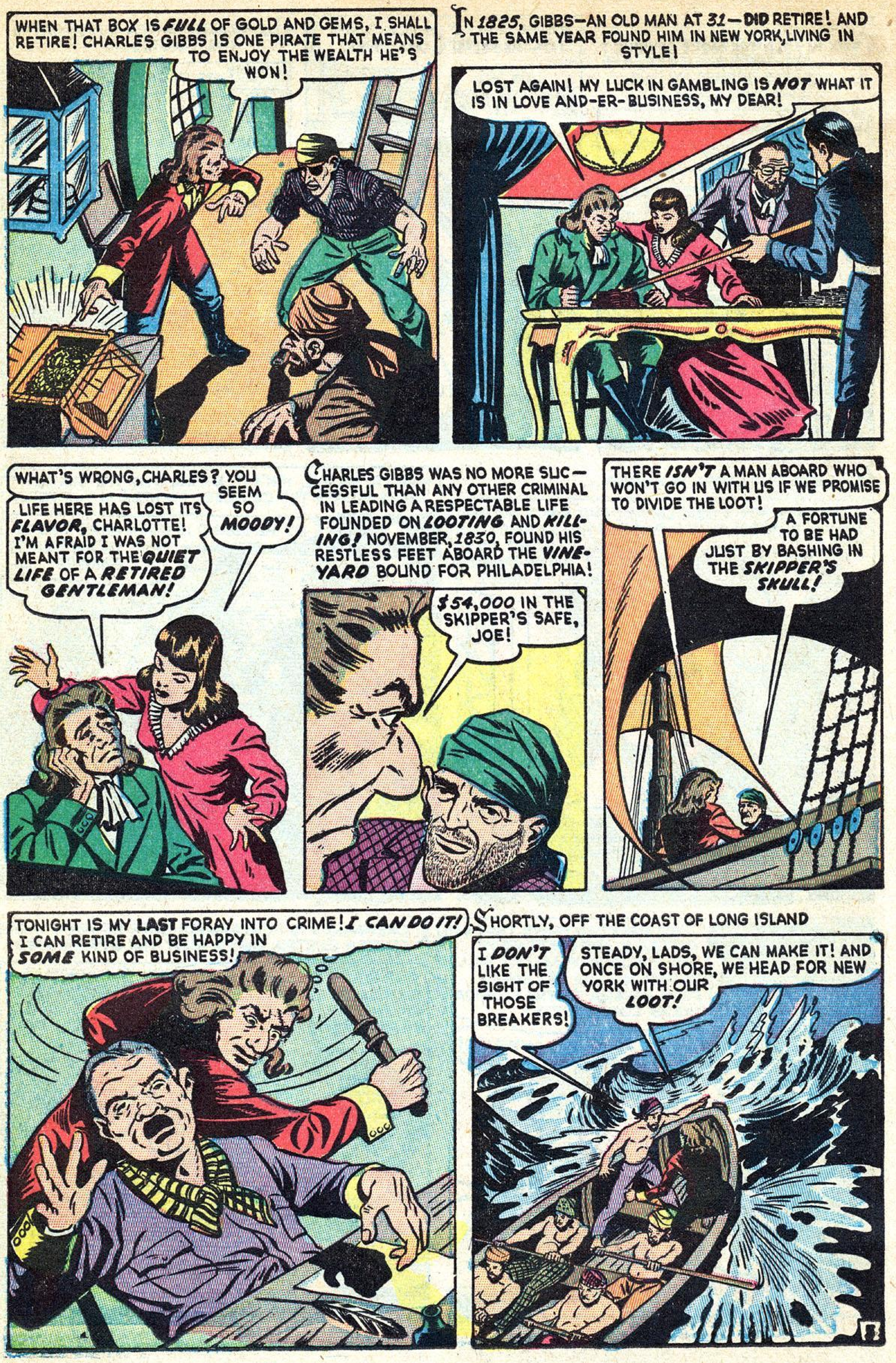
A GROCER'S CLERK, HOWEVER, WITH NERVE ENOUGH TO TRY CHEATING CAPTAIN BELL!

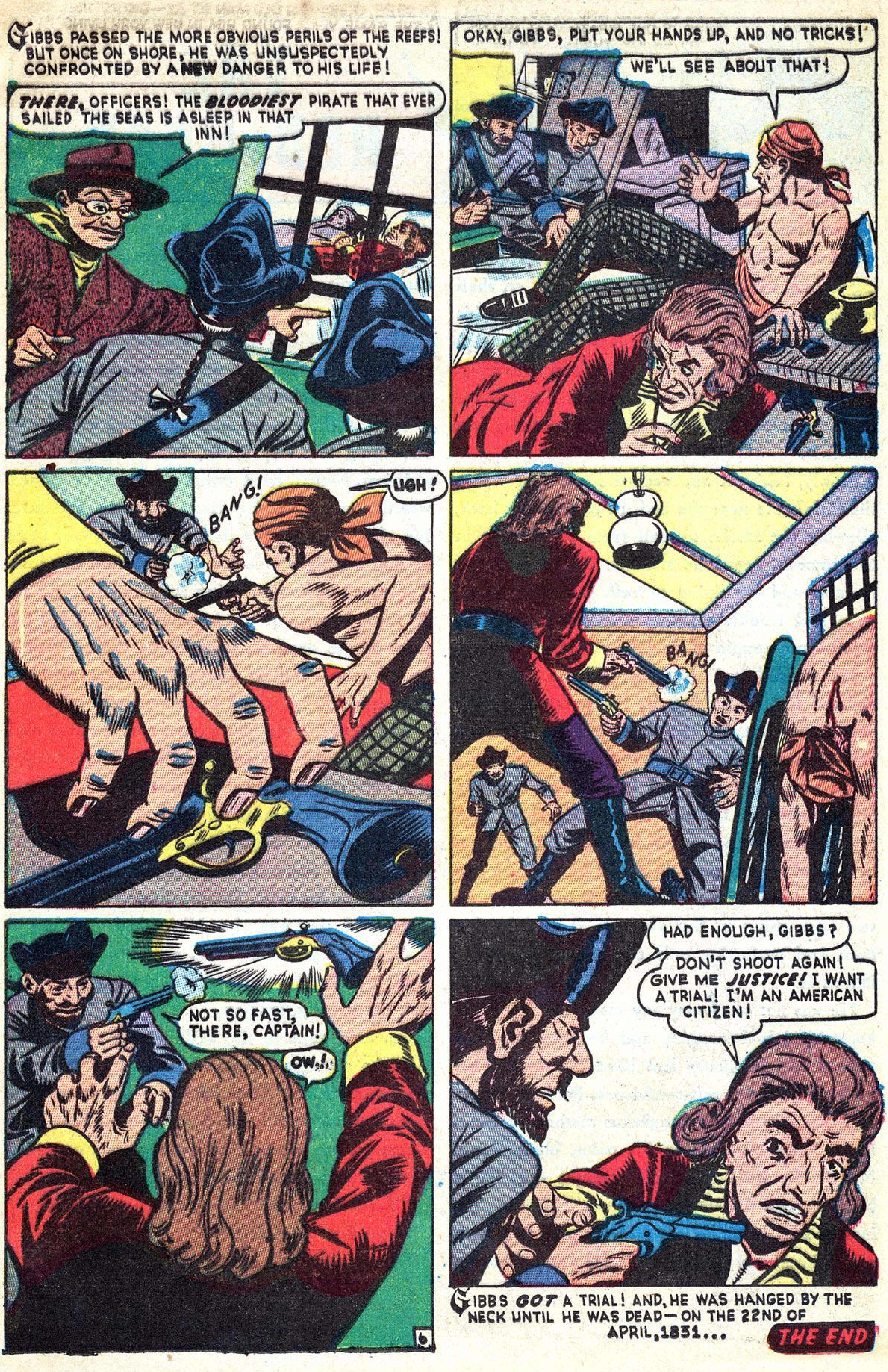

HERE! TRYING TO SELL ME SPOILED HARDTACK, EH?
ARD ACK
1


CHEATING *ME*, CAPTAIN BELL OF THE "MARIA"—*TOUGHEST PRIVATEER SKIPPER* SAILING THE ATLANTIC!
WHAT DO *YOU* PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT, SKIPPER?
DO ABOUT IT? WHY, *NOTHING*, YE YOUNG SCOUNDREL! NOTHING EXCEPT PUT YOUR *ROUGISH* TALENTS TO *BETTER* USE THAN CLERKING HERE!
YES...?
I'M SIGNING YE UP AS APPRENTICE SEAMAN TO LEARN NAVIGATION!
FROM CRACKER BARREL TO NAVIGATOR! CAPTAIN, I *LIKE* THE WAY YOU *TALK!*
ABOUT A YEAR LATER, CHARLES GIBBS HAD MASTERED NAVIGATION AND SEAMANSHIP, AND *SOMETHING ELSE!*
LOYAL TO BELL? SLACK, I DON'T OWE LOYALTY TO *ANYTHING*, EXCEPT MY *OWN* FORTUNE!
WE'RE GOING TO *MUTINY*, GIBBS! AND WE'RE COUNTING ON *YOU* TO NAVIGATE THE SHIP, ONCE WE TAKE OVER!
MUTINY IS IT? BOLD BUSINESS, SLACK, BUT *I'M WITH YOU!*
TWO NIGHTS LATER...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SKIPPER, *PERSONALLY! HE TRUSTS ME!*
GIBBS!
YES, SIR! *GIBBS*— WITH A PIN FOR YOUR *TRUSTING SKULL!*
2


NICE WORK, GIBBS! AND NOW THAT OUR DEAR SKIPPER IS OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN PUT INTO HAVANA AND SELL THE CARGO!
SELL THE CARGO?
SLACK, I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO DESERT SUCH A FINE SHIP AS THE "MARIA" QUITE SO SOON!
HUH?
I SUGGEST RUNNING UP THE BLACK FLAG OF PIRACY— CUT FROM OUR SKIPPER'S COAT! SLACK, TELL THE BOYS THAT FROM THIS NIGHT, CHARLES GIBBS IS GOING TO LEAD THEM TO FORTUNE AND INFAMY!
A FEW WEEKS LATER!
AHOY! WHO ARE YOU?
CAPTAIN CHARLES GIBBS, SIR!
BOARD HER, LADS!
PIRATES!
FILL THE SCUPPERS WITH BLOOD!
DEATH TO 'EM ALL! NO CAPTIVES!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER!
UH!
THEY'RE ALL DEAD EXCEPT THIS ONE — AND THIS TAKES CARE OF HIM!


THE FOLLOWING YEARS BROUGHT A SERIES OF CRIMES ON THE HIGH SEAS, AND GIBBS AND HIS CREW OF CUTTHROATS SEEMED TO LIVE CHARMED LIVES...
AN AMERICAN MAN-O-WAR, CAP'N! AND SHE LOOKS *FAST!*
HOIST ALL SAIL!
MORE SAIL! IF WE DON'T LAST UNTIL DARK, WE'LL ALL HANG!
BUT DARKNESS FELL SUDDENLY, IN THE TROPICS...
WE MADE IT, SKIPPER!
MATE, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT WE *DON'T* COME TOO CLOSE TO DANGER AGAIN! AND *I* KNOW HOW!
A SHORT TIME LATER, IN HAVANA...
I CAN PASS FOR A GENTLEMAN! AND SINCE NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT THAT A *PIRATE* HAD AN INVITATION TO THIS BALL, IT OUGHT TO BE EASY TO GET THE INFORMATION I NEED!
HARD TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT, MA'AM, THAT THE SEA OUT THERE FLOATS THE CRUELEST PIRATES IN THE WORLD!
MY HUSBAND IS DOWN HERE TO SEE THAT THOSE PIRATES *ARE HANGED!*
TWO AMERICAN SHIPS THAT CAN *OUTSAIL* AND *OUTSHOOT* ANY PIRATE SHIP AFLOAT WILL BE PATROLING THE SEA LANES FROM HAVANA TO THE FLORIDA KEYS CONSTANTLY!
HMMMM!
FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED! ONCE HE KNEW WHERE DANGER EXISTED, GIBBS WENT THE *OTHER WAY!*
OUR ROUTE FROM NOW ON WILL BE *EAST OF THE BAHAMAS!*
AND LET'S HOPE FOR GOOD LOOTING, MATE!


WHEN THAT BOX IS *FULL* OF GOLD AND GEMS, I SHALL RETIRE! CHARLES GIBBS IS ONE PIRATE THAT MEANS TO ENJOY THE WEALTH HE'S WON!
IN *1825*, GIBBS—AN OLD MAN AT *31*—**DID** RETIRE! AND THE SAME YEAR FOUND HIM IN NEW YORK, LIVING IN STYLE!
LOST AGAIN! MY LUCK IN GAMBLING IS ***NOT*** WHAT IT IS IN LOVE AND-ER-BUSINESS, MY DEAR!
WHAT'S WRONG, CHARLES? YOU SEEM SO ***MOODY!***
LIFE HERE HAS LOST ITS ***FLAVOR***, CHARLOTTE! I'M AFRAID I WAS NOT MEANT FOR THE ***QUIET LIFE*** OF A ***RETIRED GENTLEMAN!***
CHARLES GIBBS WAS NO MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN ANY OTHER CRIMINAL IN LEADING A RESPECTABLE LIFE FOUNDED ON ***LOOTING*** AND ***KILLING!*** NOVEMBER, *1830*, FOUND HIS RESTLESS FEET ABOARD THE ***VINEYARD*** BOUND FOR PHILADELPHIA!
$54,000 IN THE SKIPPER'S SAFE, JOE!
THERE ***ISN'T*** A MAN ABOARD WHO WON'T GO IN WITH US IF WE PROMISE TO DIVIDE THE LOOT!
A FORTUNE TO BE HAD JUST BY BASHING IN THE ***SKIPPER'S SKULL!***
TONIGHT IS MY **LAST** FORAY INTO CRIME! ***I CAN DO IT!*** I CAN RETIRE AND BE HAPPY IN ***SOME*** KIND OF BUSINESS!
SHORTLY, OFF THE COAST OF LONG ISLAND
I ***DON'T*** LIKE THE SIGHT OF THOSE BREAKERS!
STEADY, LADS, WE CAN MAKE IT! AND ONCE ON SHORE, WE HEAD FOR NEW YORK WITH OUR ***LOOT!***


GIBBS PASSED THE MORE OBVIOUS PERILS OF THE REEFS! BUT ONCE ON SHORE, HE WAS UNSUSPECTEDLY CONFRONTED BY A NEW DANGER TO HIS LIFE!
THERE, OFFICERS! THE BLOODIEST PIRATE THAT EVER SAILED THE SEAS IS ASLEEP IN THAT INN!
OKAY, GIBBS, PUT YOUR HANDS UP, AND NO TRICKS!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
BANG!
UGH!
BANG!
NOT SO FAST, THERE, CAPTAIN!
OW..!
6
HAD ENOUGH, GIBBS?
DON'T SHOOT AGAIN! GIVE ME JUSTICE! I WANT A TRIAL! I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!
GIBBS GOT A TRIAL! AND, HE WAS HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL HE WAS DEAD—ON THE 22ND OF APRIL, 1831...
THE END

THE RED HEAD

It was very simple to kill a man, Nick reflected, so very simple. The thing always seemed amazing to him, when he was instrumental in, er, shall we say, gathering a person to the land of his ancestors, that one could die so swiftly and easily. One moment a person was alive and breathing, blood coursing swiftly and warmly through his veins, then pfft! He was dead, inanimate, just like that.

Slowly, Nick sat up, reached for a cigarette on the little table near the bed, lit it, then lay back, allowing the smoke to trail from his nostrils in two smooth, grey-blue streams. Nick was trying to relax and not doing so well. But then, he always had trouble relaxing after he had pulled a job—in a couple of days he would get over it.

He remembered the first job the Boss had ordered him to do for the "corporation". He'd very nearly bungled that one all right. The man had seen the shadow of Nick's arm swinging down with the knife, and had turned, catching Nick's wrist on the downstroke. By sheer luck Nick had managed to jerk his arm loose and get in a good thrust; even then he'd had to stab two or three times to finish the job. It was messy, no two ways about it. But after all, it *was the first time,* and perfection only comes with practice—lots of it.

He was not so clumsy any more, not Nick. He knew his job thoroughly and he knew the Boss trusted him implicitly and liked his work. *That* meant a lot to his self-confidence. Nick no longer used the archaic and dangerous method of holding a knife clenched in his palm, blade down. No sir, he held the knife straight out like a bayonet, with the cutting edge up. That way, the intended victim could not grab his wrist and Nick could thrust and slash at the same time, either up and down or sideways. It was a neat system—not for nothing had he studied anatomy. He knew the best place to thrust, right below the breast bone, in the soft upper part of the diaphragm.

Take the job day before yesterday for example. It was the perfect crime with the exception of one thing. That *one* thing was what had Nick extremely upset at the present moment. There was always something to worry about, never any peace for a decent, honest, hard working man. Nick sighed wearily, taking another drag from the cigarette. He always pulled his jobs in the daytime, none of that midnight or early morning stuff for him. Too much chance of being seen and recognized. At those hours, one was in danger. No, it was far safer in the daytime, noon to be exact. With a lot of people milling about the streets, one was comparatively safe. But not completely safe.

The Boss showed him a picture of the man and had given him the address. "Big Tom Grady," the Boss said grimly, "take care of him, Nick. The usual way. You know what to do."

Nick nodded. "Right, Boss." He could feel the long, razor sharp knife strapped in a leather scabbard on his wrist. The pressure was reassuring. Cold steel, that was what Nick liked. Quick, like a flash of light. No noise, no fuss, no bother. And a ballistics expert could not trace a knife cut, not usually, anyhow.

So, he'd gone to the address. He waited outside the apartment building for a few moments, then went inside. After he had rung the bell he waited calmly until the door opened. The man whose picture was in Nick's coat pocket appeared in the narrow slit of the partly opened door.

"What dya want?" he growled suspiciously.

"You Big Tom Grady?"

"Yeah, what of . . ."

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- Flash Gordon Champion
- Flash Gordon Super-Flyer
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That was as far as he got. Nick had thrust his right arm swiftly forward, feeling the knife go in mushily, then he twisted up until the blade scraped harshly against bone. Big Tom went reeling back, his face a contorted mask of agony, his mouth opening and closing spasmodically, like a fish out of water, making no sound. A thin trickle of red was spilling between his fingers which were tightly laced across the lower portion of his chest. Then Nick closed the door softly and went swiftly down the corridor and out the building.

As he walked down the three narrow steps which led from the building to the sidewalk, he turned to look back at the door from which he had just emerged. Why, he never knew. As a result, he bumped roughly into someone who was passing. Nick was startled.

"Sorry," he said.

The man didn't answer. Nick looked at him curiously . . . he had red hair. The most bright, brilliant color of red Nick had ever seen. Nick brushed his clothes mechanically, although there was no reason, and as he did so, he saw the man with the red hair look down at his arm. Nick followed the man's gaze slowly. The sleeve of his white shirt which protruded from under his coat was spotted with blood!

Nick saw the man's eyes widen—he started to say something, changed his mind and moved on. Nick started to walk in the opposite direction. A change of scenery was definitely necessary at this point, and Nick walked rapidly back to his second story room.

The more Nick thought about it, the more worried he became. The man had seen him, had gotten a good look at his face in broad daylight and had seen his blood splattered shirt. He was definitely a menace and had to be removed, but how? All day long, yesterday, Nick had roamed the streets looking for him. He stared at so many people's heads, he thought he'd go daffy. No luck. He simply couldn't find the man. And until he did find him, Nick reflected, life was no longer pleasant . . .

Then, there was also Lieutenant Regan, burly detective of the homicide squad. Nick was afraid of Regan . . . three times he had interferred with Nick's artistic work and each time if it had not been for the intervention of the Boss with ironclad alibis, he would have been sunk, but definitely.

"I'm going to get you yet, Nick!" Regan had said the last time. Regan was strictly an unpleasant guy, Nick thought. He remembered what else Regan had told him . . . "One of these days you're going to make a slip . . . don't think we don't know who's pulling these knife jobs. All we need is a witness, just once, and the most perfect alibi in the world won't do. Be careful, Nick, I'm after you!"

Nick sat up on the bed. He'd better get dressed and go out and look for that witness again. He knotted his tie carelessly and slipped his checkered coat over his narrow shoulders. He slicked back his hair by wetting his fingers with his tongue. He grinned in the small, grime streaked mirror that hung over his unkempt bureau, showing his yellow, tobacco stained teeth. Then, he walked over to the window which overlooked the avenue. He pulled the curtain to one side and peered out. It was a little after 12 o'clock, and the torrid summer sun was blazing down, making heat waves shimmer off the grey sidewalks.

Nick suddenly stiffened, his hand gripped the soiled curtain tightly. He couldn't believe his eyes! If he could have run, he would have bolted like a scalded cat, but there was no place to run, no place to hide. Nick's eyes were very frightened and he began to tremble, to quiver all over as if he had a chill of some sort.

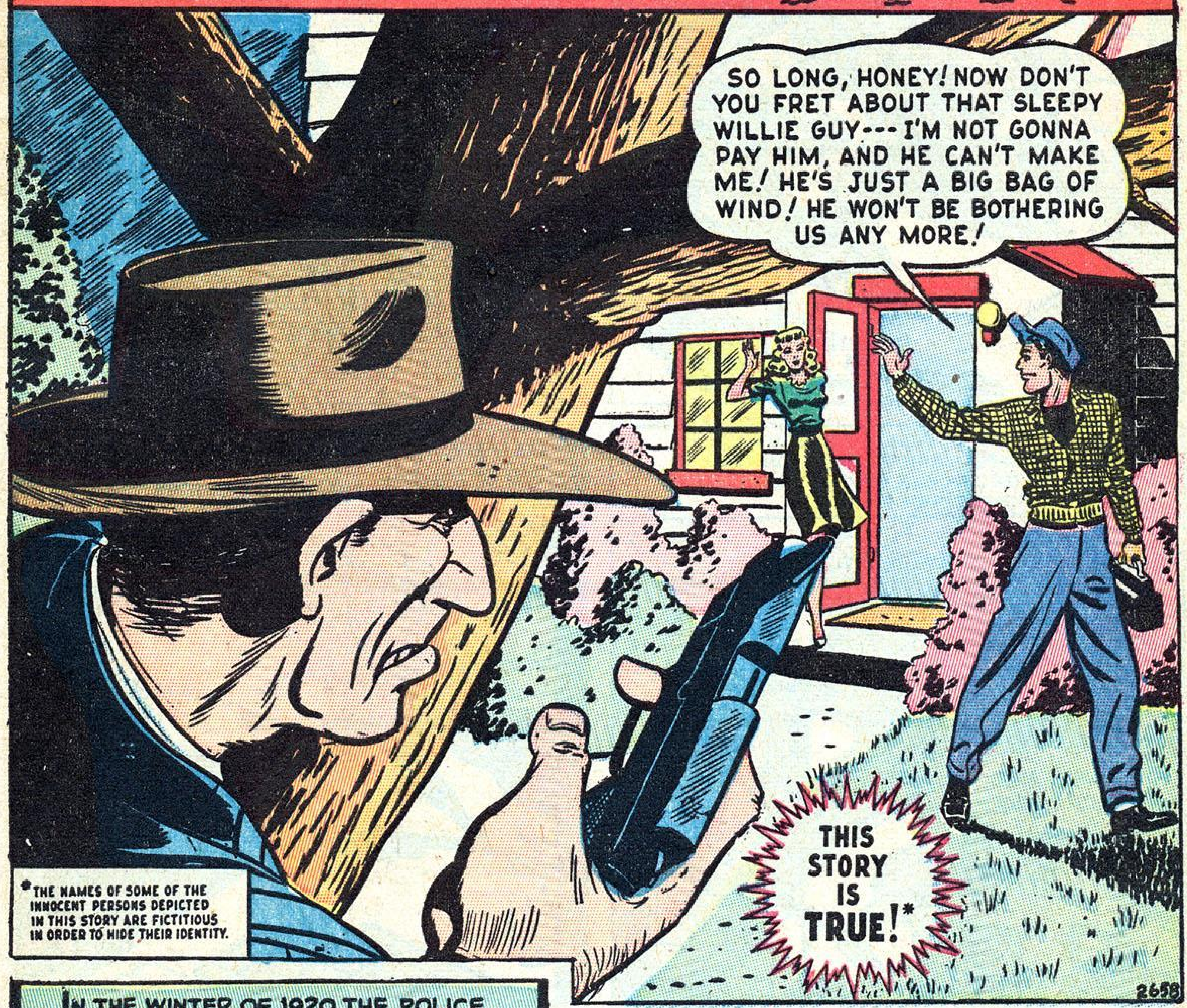
He reached for his knife, fingered the sharp edge with his thumb . . . no use, he didn't have the nerve. The one thing that could sink him had happened.

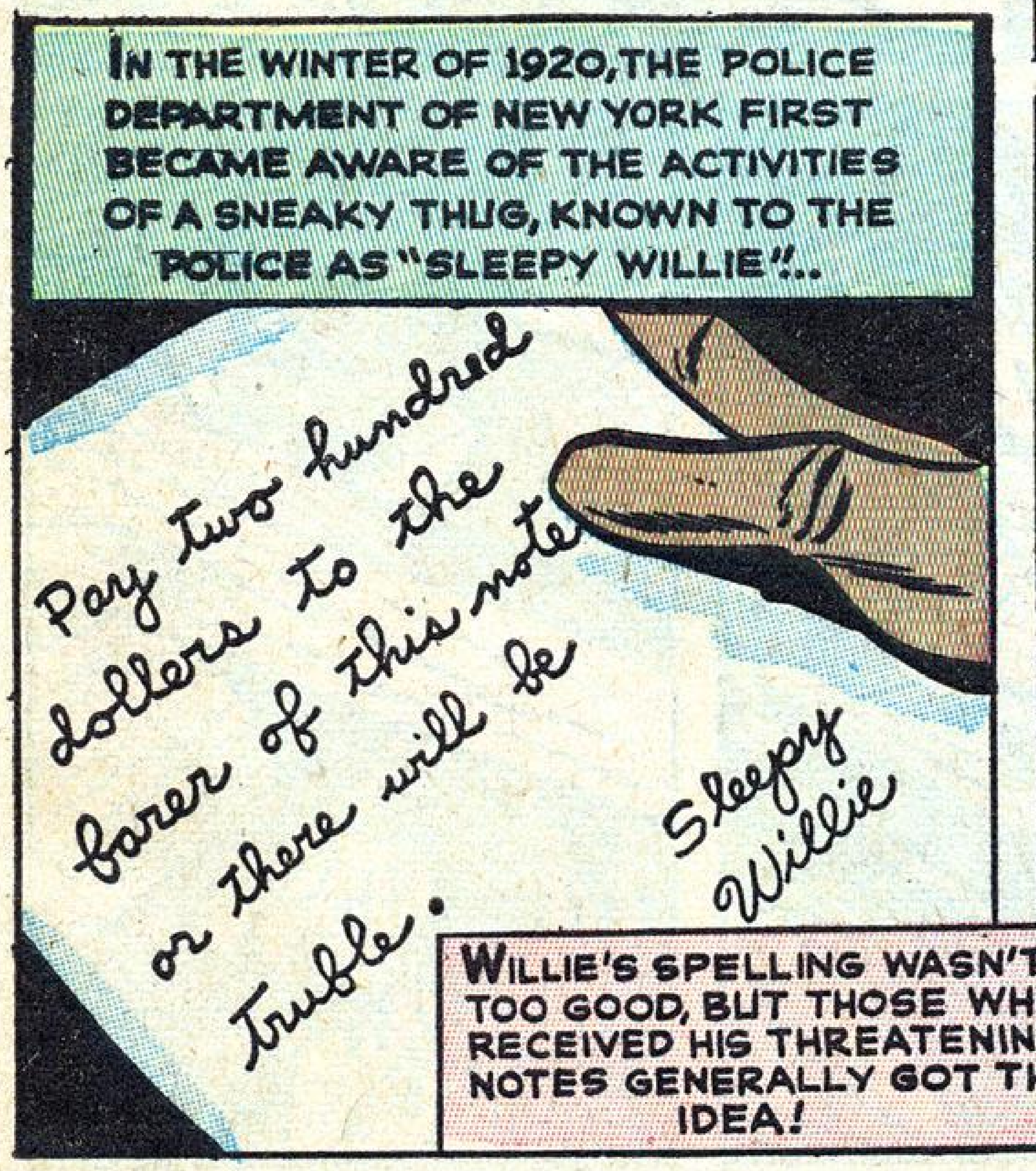
For there, coming down the avenue and turning into the doorway of his house was Regan.

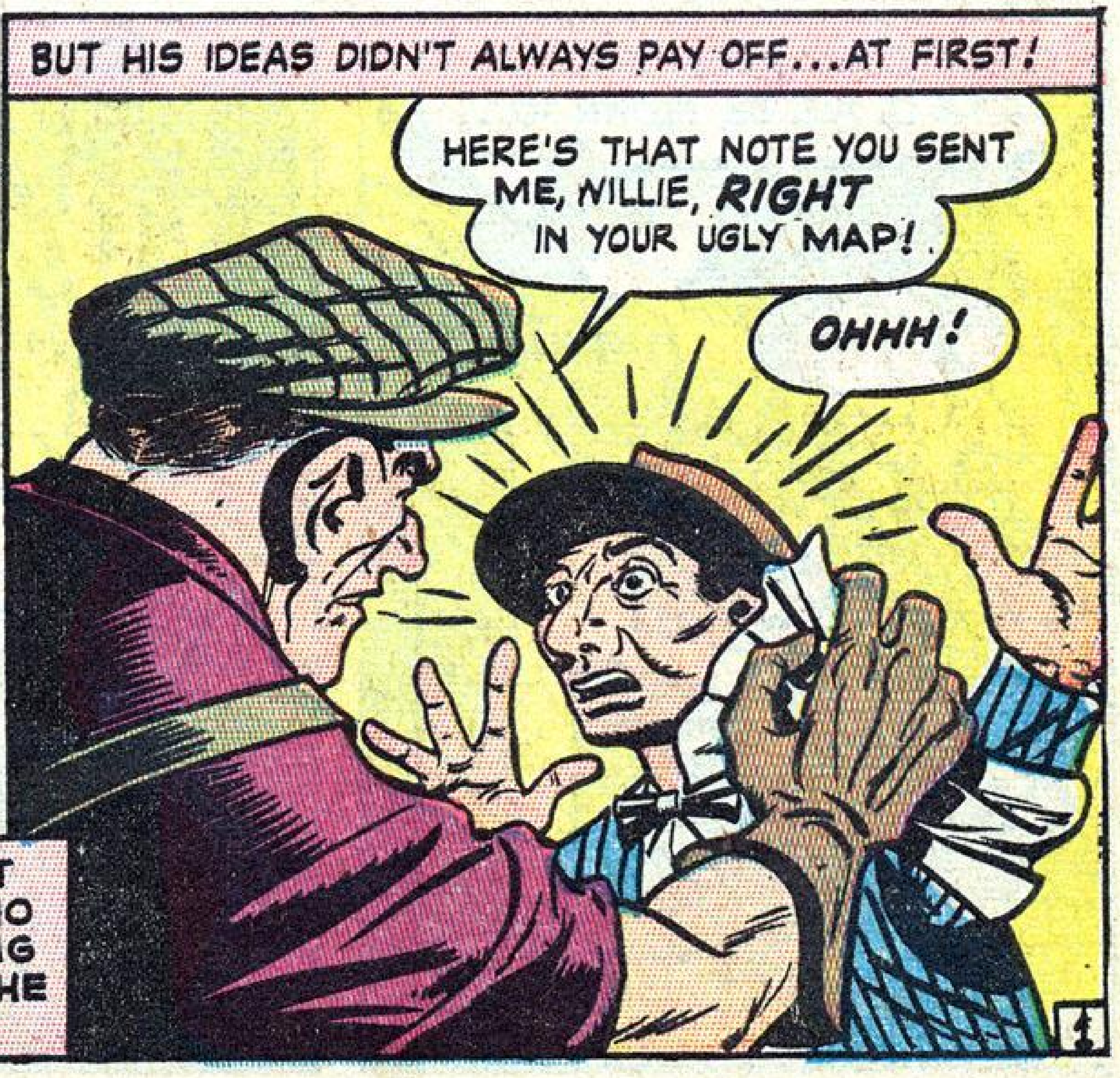
And walking alongside him, his head gleaming in the brilliant sunlight, was the man with the red hair!

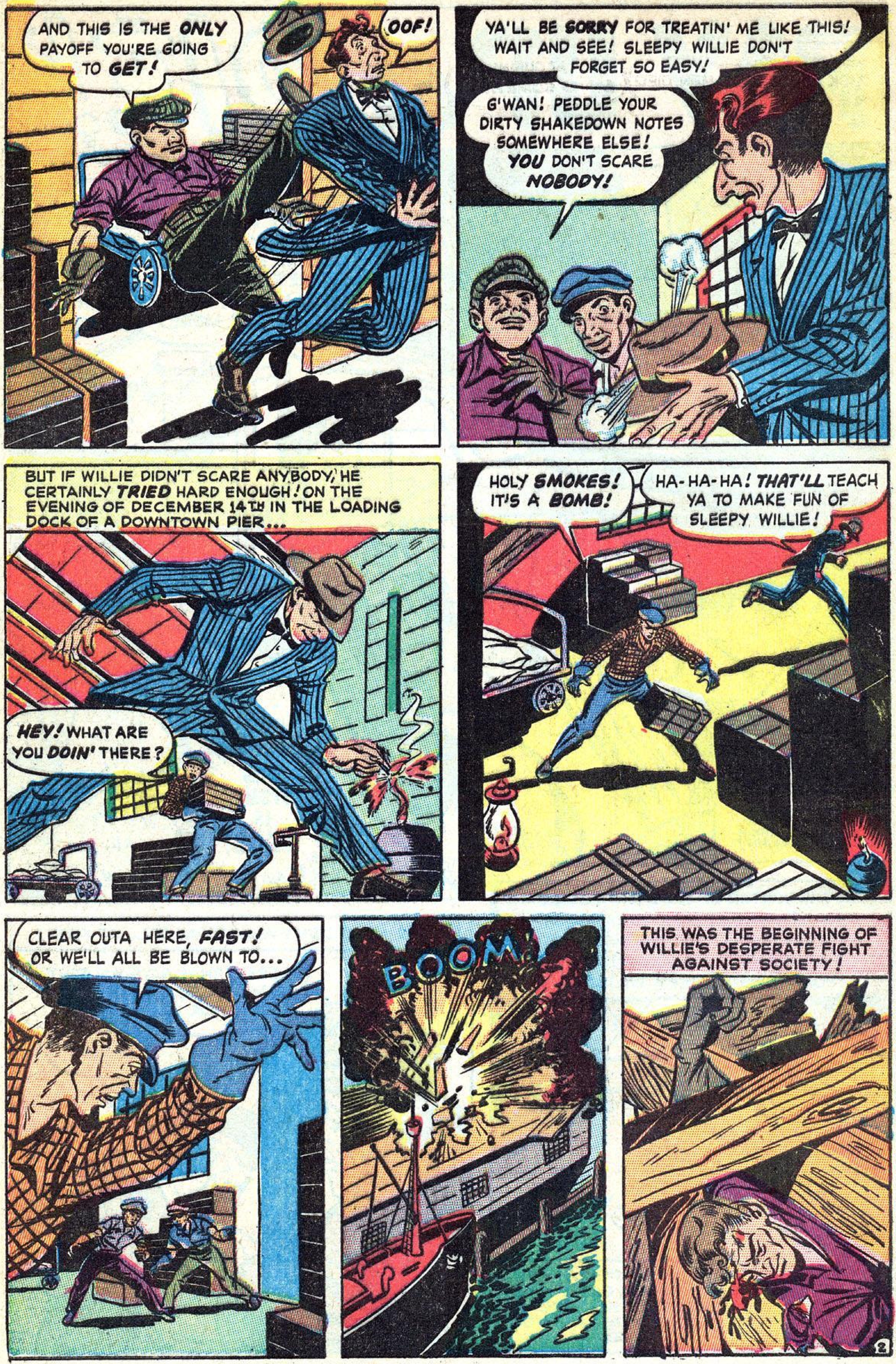
THE END

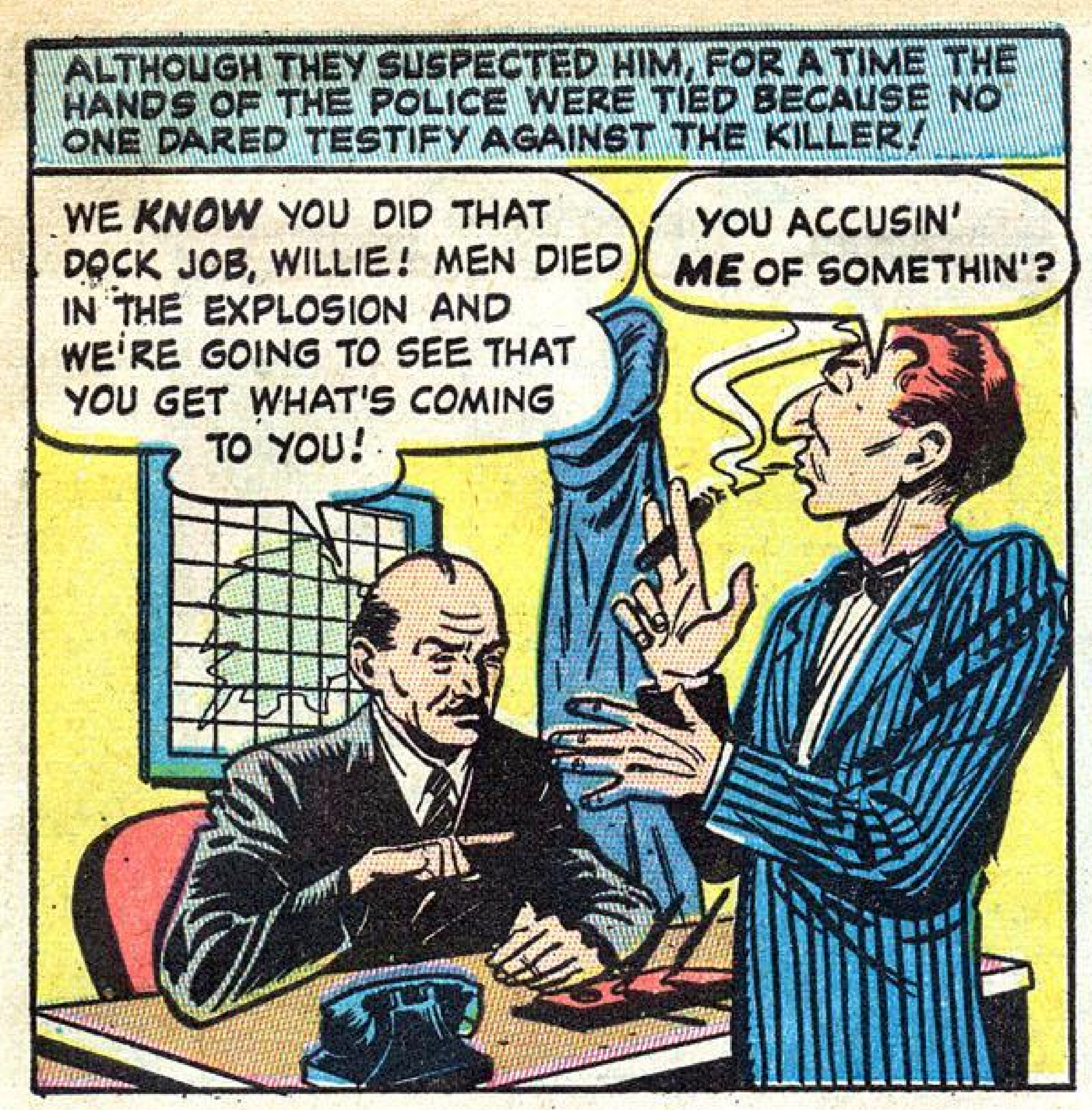
"PAY UP or DIE!"

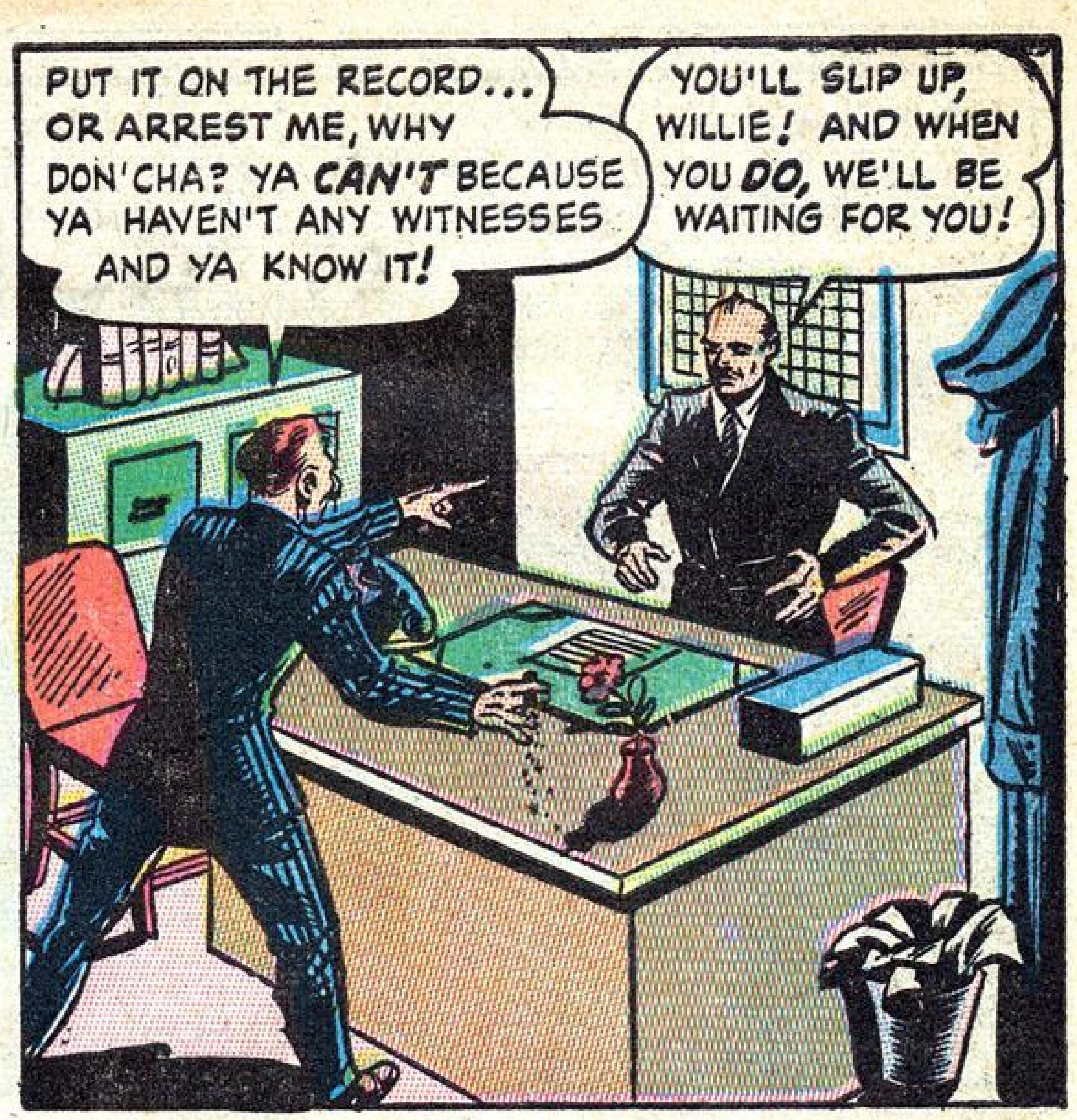

SO LONG, HONEY! NOW DON'T YOU FRET ABOUT THAT SLEEPY WILLIE GUY--- I'M NOT GONNA PAY HIM, AND HE CAN'T MAKE ME! HE'S JUST A BIG BAG OF WIND! HE WON'T BE BOTHERING US ANY MORE!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2658

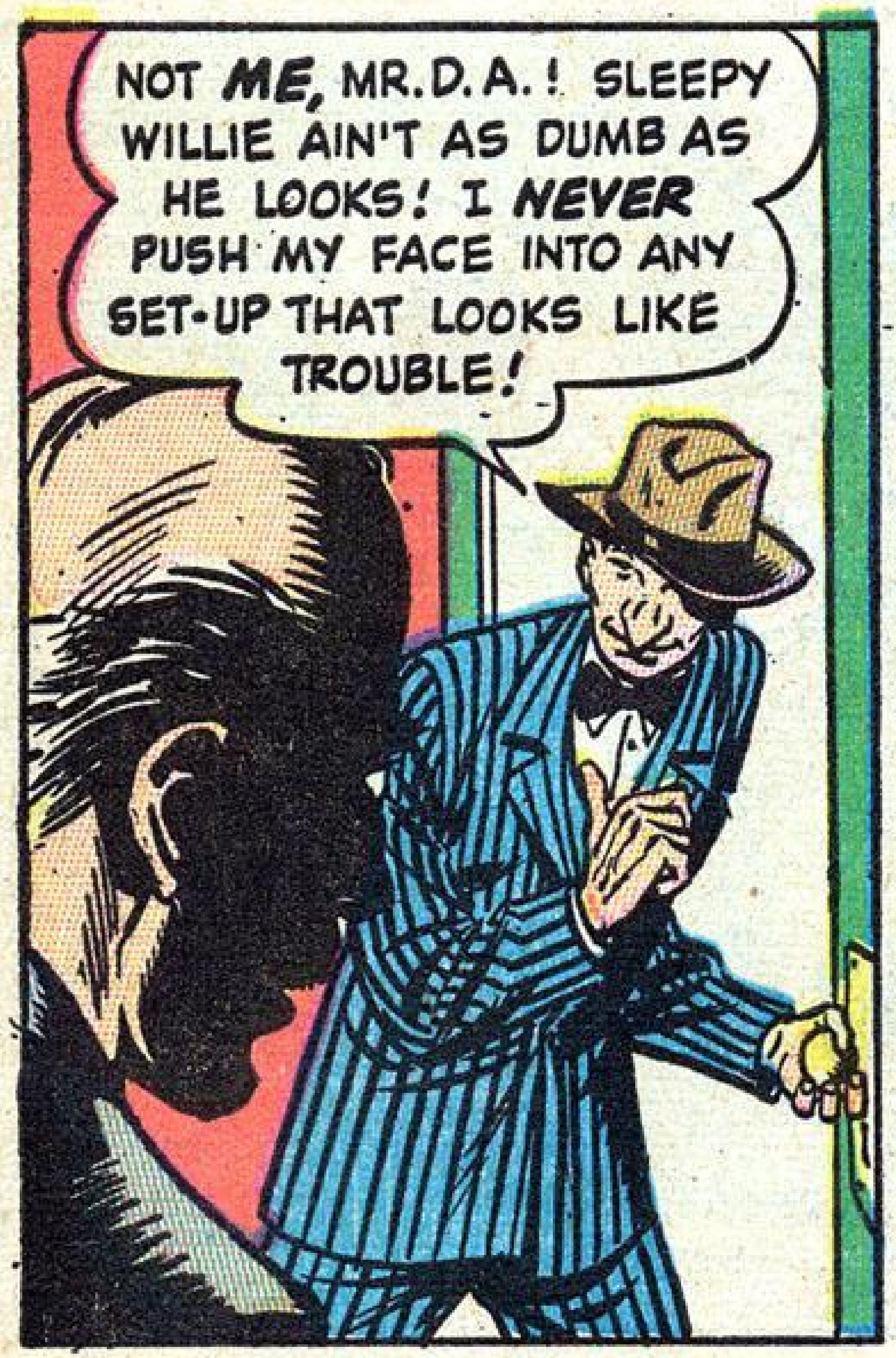

IN THE WINTER OF 1920, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK FIRST BECAME AWARE OF THE ACTIVITIES OF A SNEAKY THUG, KNOWN TO THE POLICE AS "SLEEPY WILLIE"!..
Pay two hundred dollers to the barer of this note or there will be truble.
Sleepy Willie
WILLIE'S SPELLING WASN'T TOO GOOD, BUT THOSE WHO RECEIVED HIS THREATENING NOTES GENERALLY GOT THE IDEA!

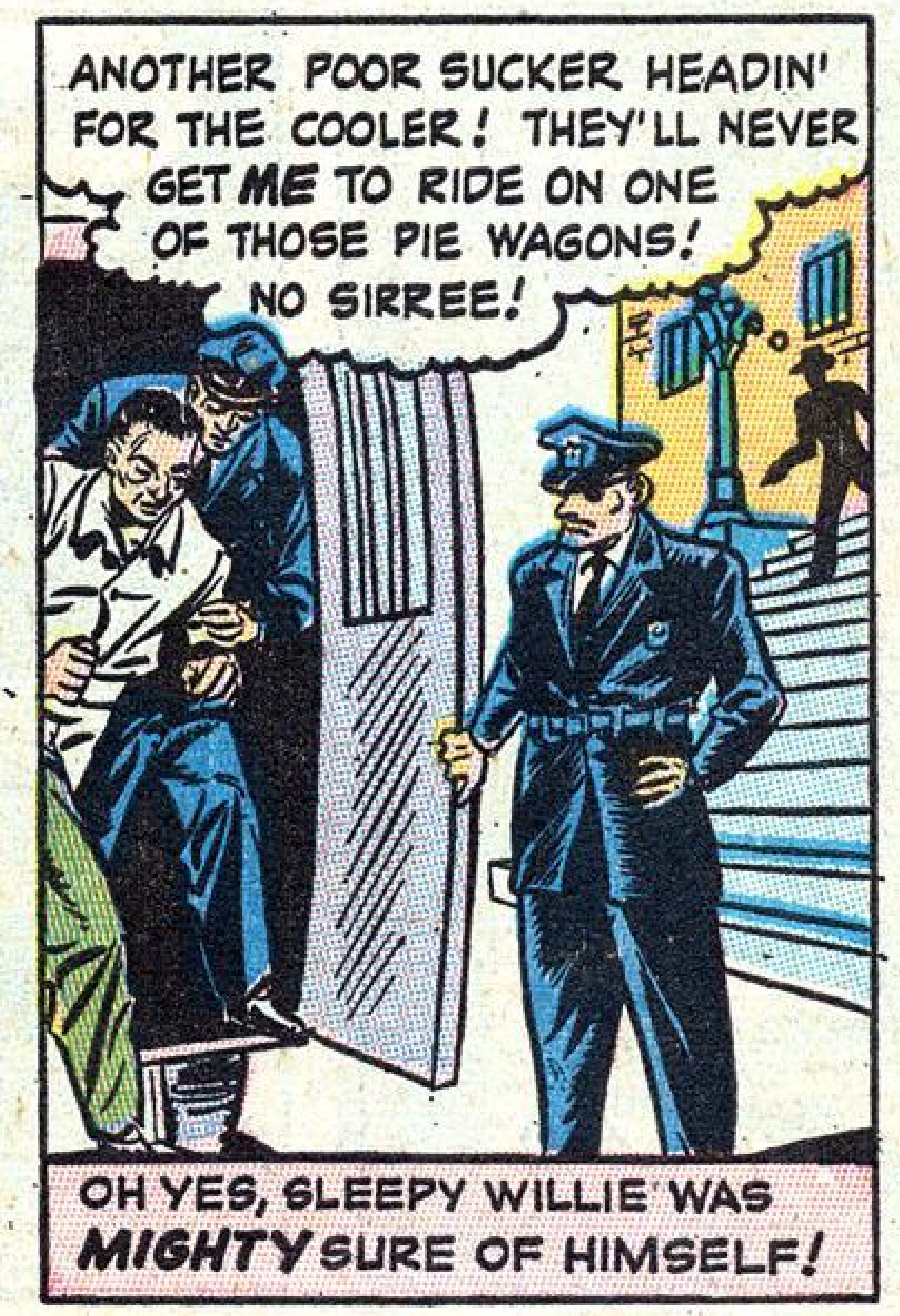

BUT HIS IDEAS DIDN'T ALWAYS PAY OFF...AT FIRST!
HERE'S THAT NOTE YOU SENT ME, WILLIE, RIGHT IN YOUR UGLY MAP!
OHHH!

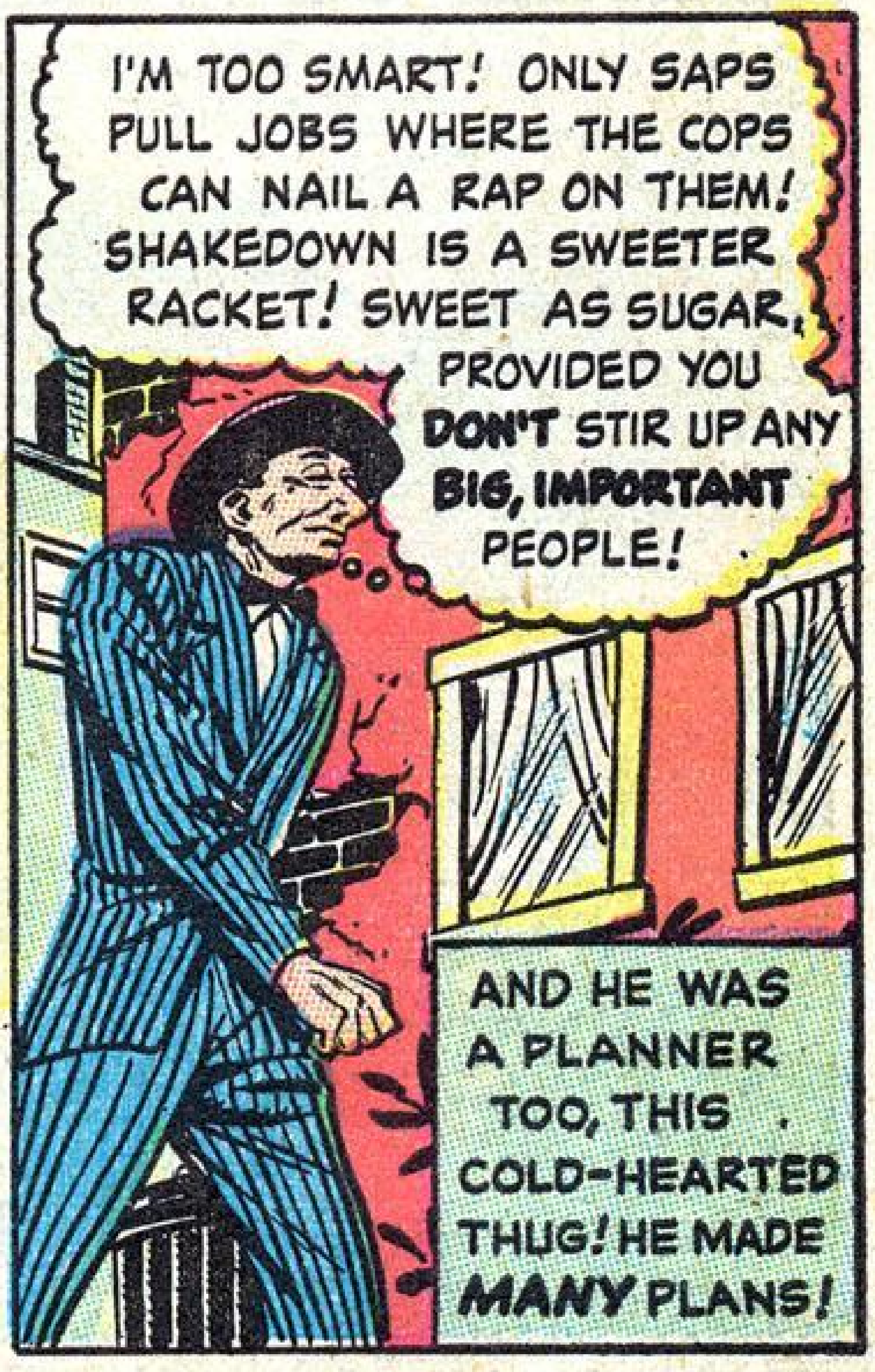

AND THIS IS THE ONLY PAYOFF YOU'RE GOING TO GET!
OOF!
YA'LL BE SORRY FOR TREATIN' ME LIKE THIS! WAIT AND SEE! SLEEPY WILLIE DON'T FORGET SO EASY!
G'WAN! PEDDLE YOUR DIRTY SHAKEDOWN NOTES SOMEWHERE ELSE! YOU DON'T SCARE NOBODY!
BUT IF WILLIE DIDN'T SCARE ANYBODY, HE CERTAINLY TRIED HARD ENOUGH! ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 14TH IN THE LOADING DOCK OF A DOWNTOWN PIER...
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE?
HOLY SMOKES! IT'S A BOMB!
HA-HA-HA! THAT'LL TEACH YA TO MAKE FUN OF SLEEPY WILLIE!
CLEAR OUTA HERE, FAST! OR WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN TO...
BOOM!
THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF WILLIE'S DESPERATE FIGHT AGAINST SOCIETY!

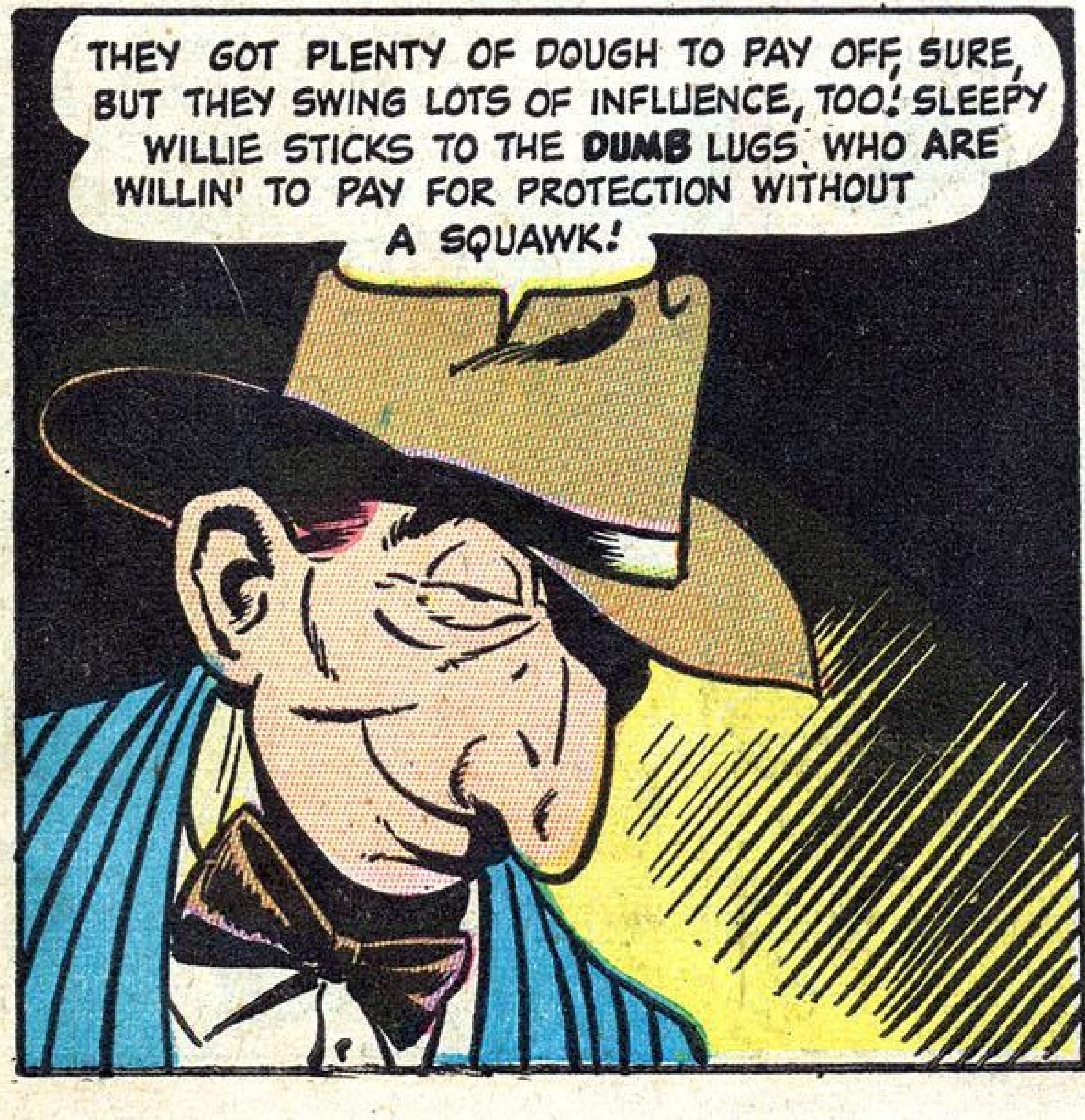

ALTHOUGH THEY SUSPECTED HIM, FOR A TIME THE HANDS OF THE POLICE WERE TIED BECAUSE NO ONE DARED TESTIFY AGAINST THE KILLER!
WE **KNOW** YOU DID THAT DOCK JOB, WILLIE! MEN DIED IN THE EXPLOSION AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
YOU ACCUSIN' **ME** OF SOMETHIN'?

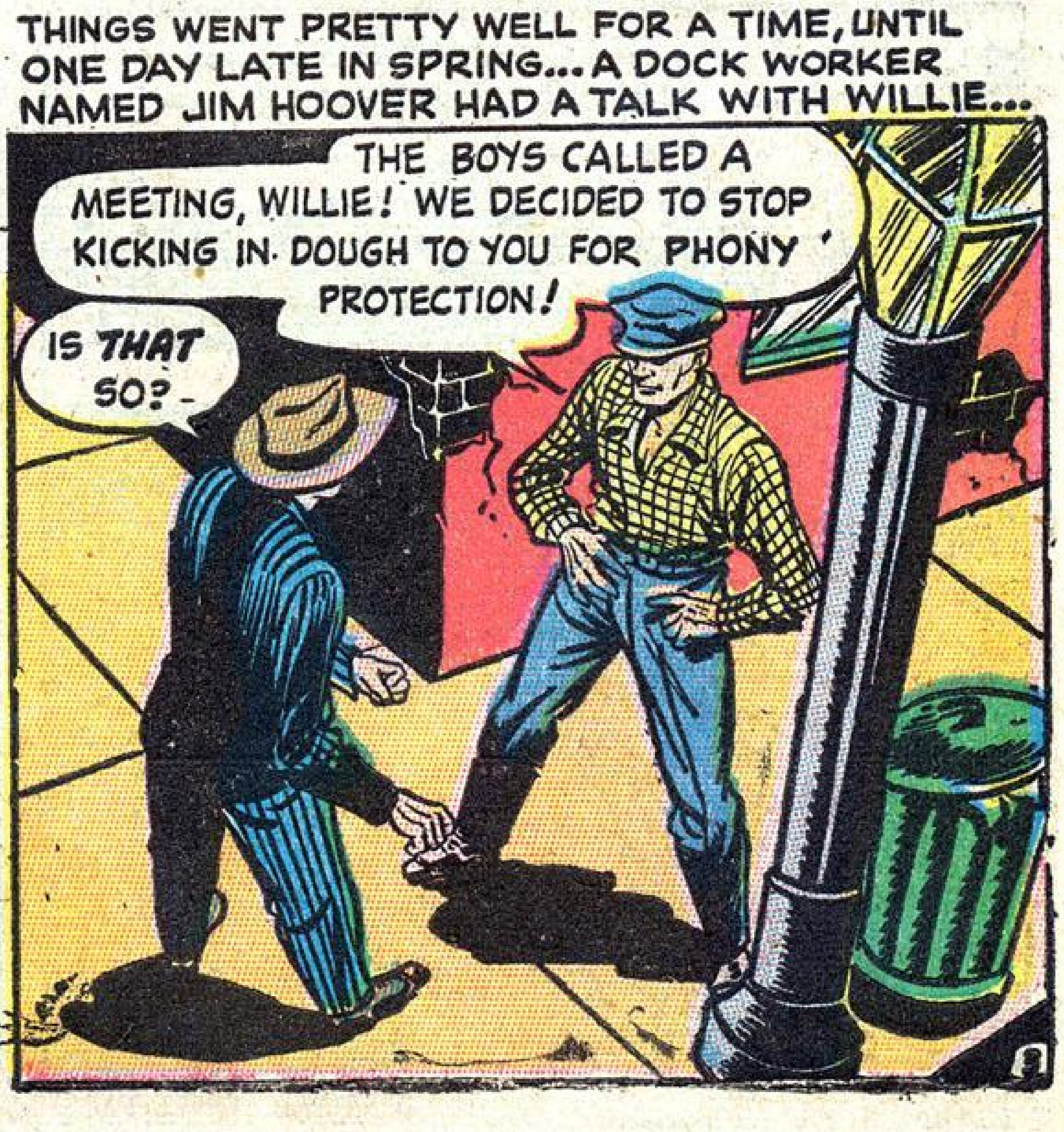

PUT IT ON THE RECORD... OR ARREST ME, WHY DON'CHA? YA **CAN'T** BECAUSE YA HAVEN'T ANY WITNESSES AND YA KNOW IT!
YOU'LL SLIP UP, WILLIE! AND WHEN YOU **DO**, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!

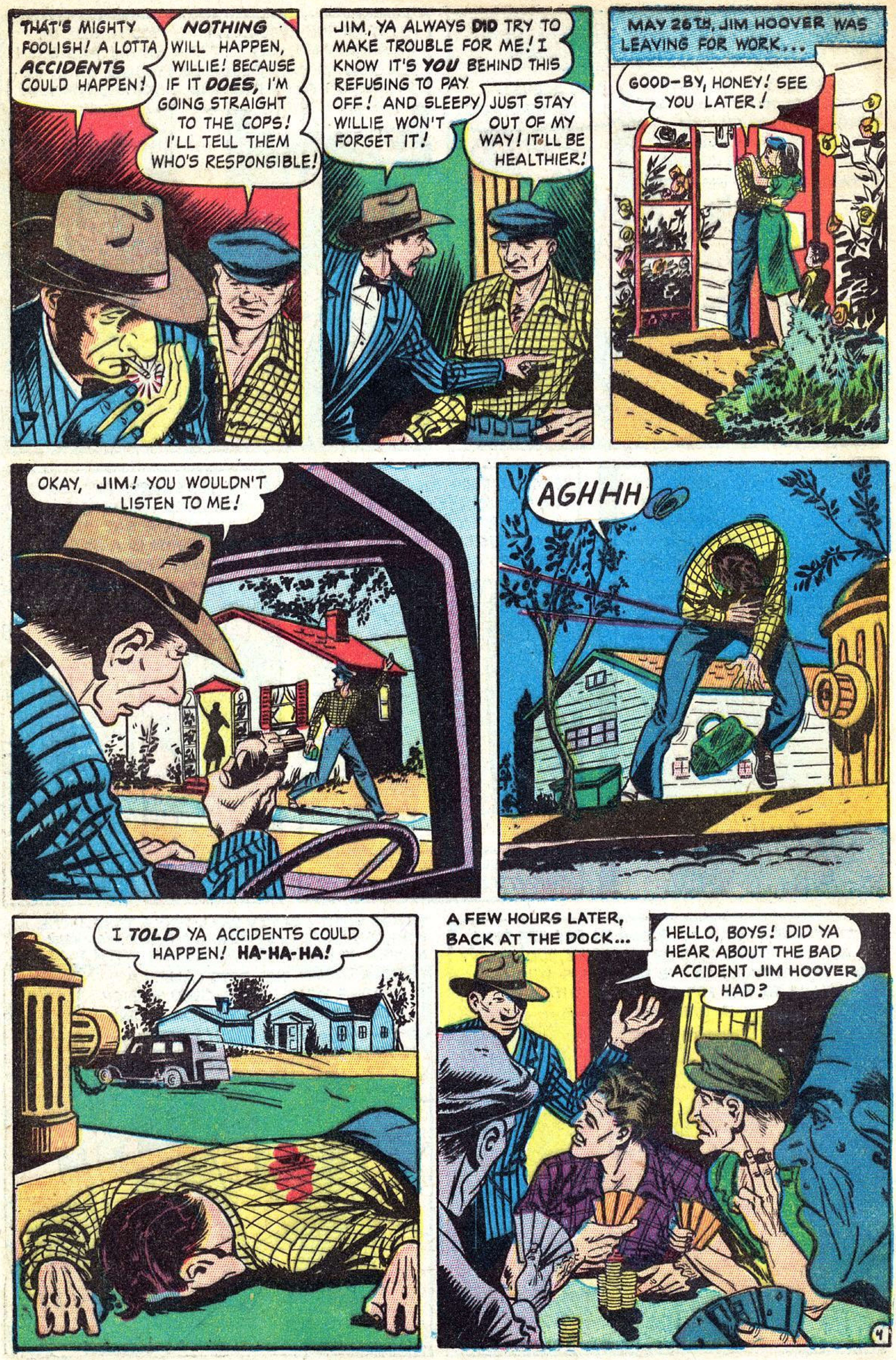

NOT **ME**, MR. D.A.! SLEEPY WILLIE AIN'T AS DUMB AS HE LOOKS! I **NEVER** PUSH MY FACE INTO ANY SET-UP THAT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

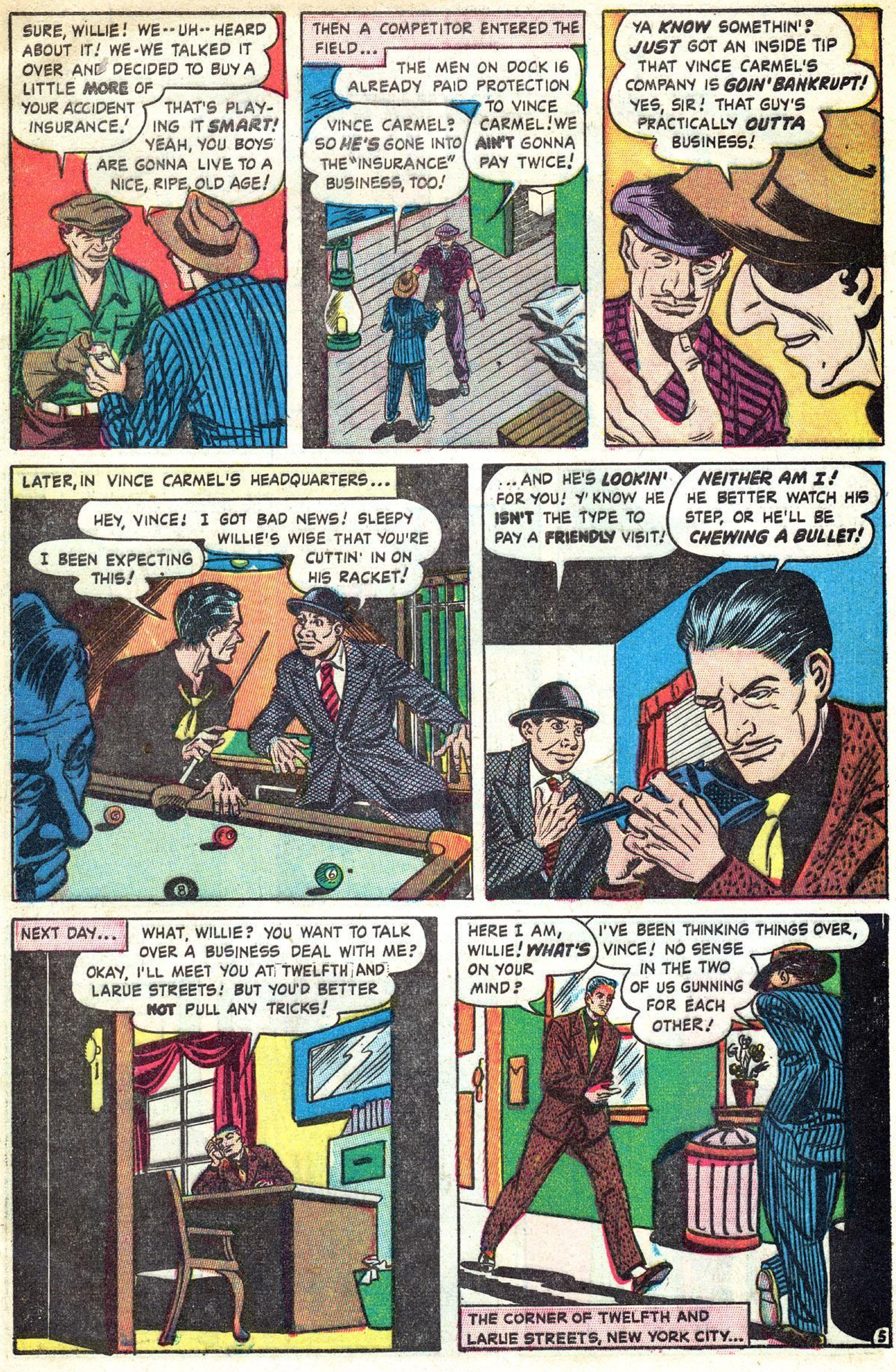

ANOTHER POOR SUCKER HEADIN' FOR THE COOLER! THEY'LL NEVER GET **ME** TO RIDE ON ONE OF THOSE PIE WAGONS! NO SIRREE!
OH YES, SLEEPY WILLIE WAS **MIGHTY** SURE OF HIMSELF!

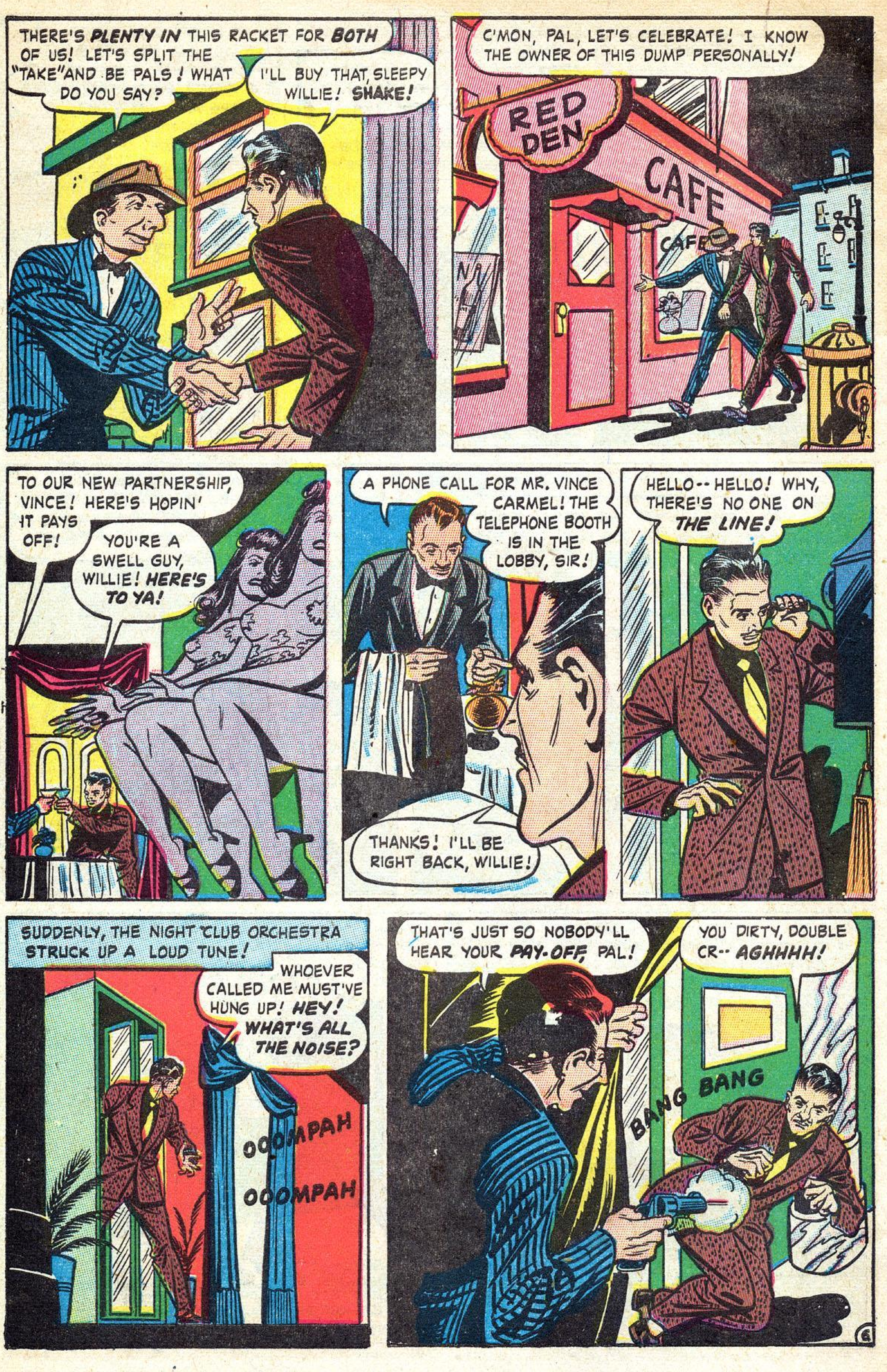

I'M TOO SMART! ONLY SAPS PULL JOBS WHERE THE COPS CAN NAIL A RAP ON THEM! SHAKEDOWN IS A SWEETER RACKET! SWEET AS SUGAR, PROVIDED YOU **DON'T** STIR UP ANY **BIG, IMPORTANT** PEOPLE!
AND HE WAS A PLANNER TOO, THIS COLD-HEARTED THUG! HE MADE **MANY** PLANS!

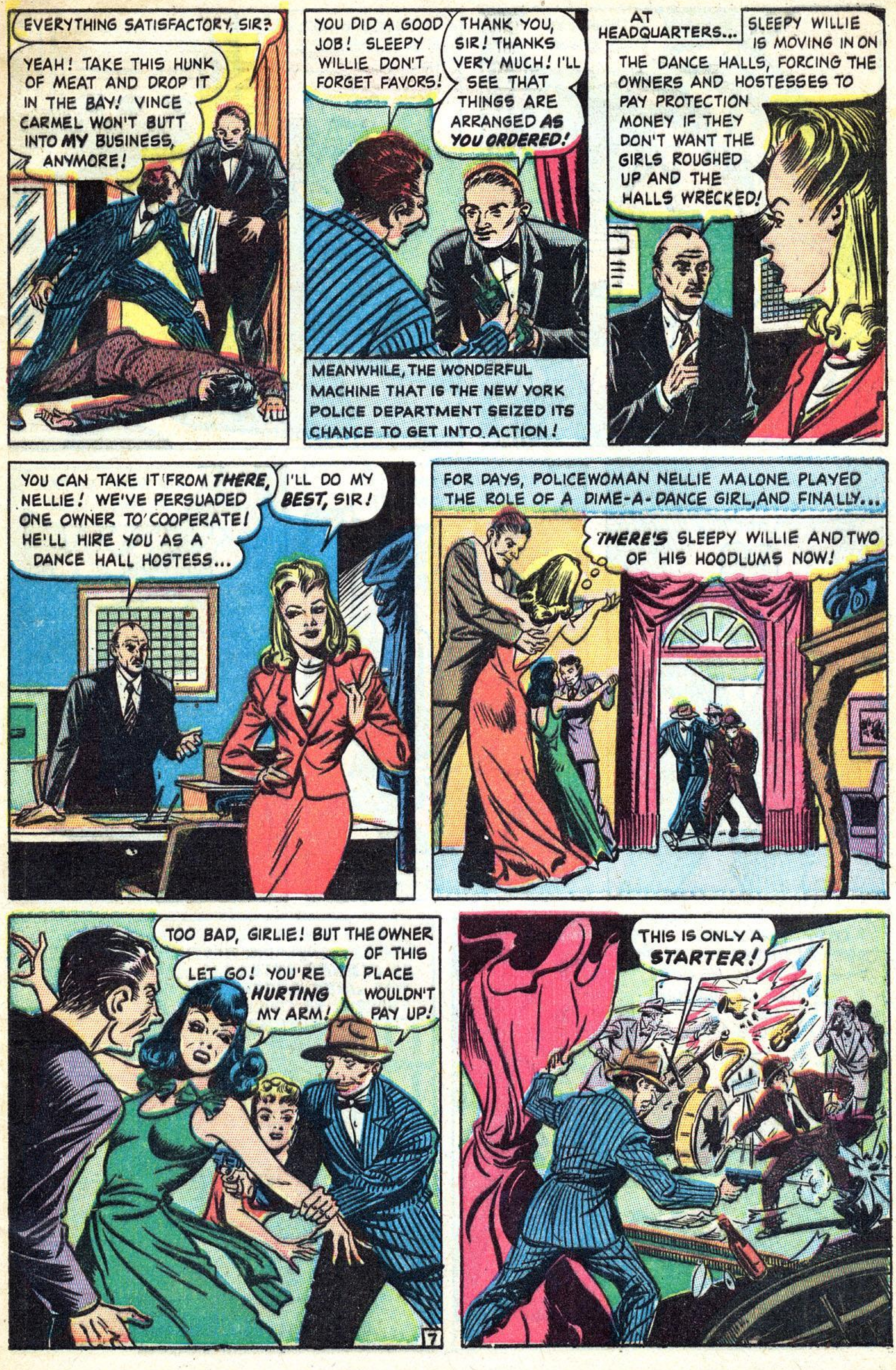

THEY GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH TO PAY OFF, SURE, BUT THEY SWING LOTS OF INFLUENCE, TOO! SLEEPY WILLIE STICKS TO THE **DUMB** LUGS WHO ARE WILLIN' TO PAY FOR PROTECTION WITHOUT A SQUAWK!

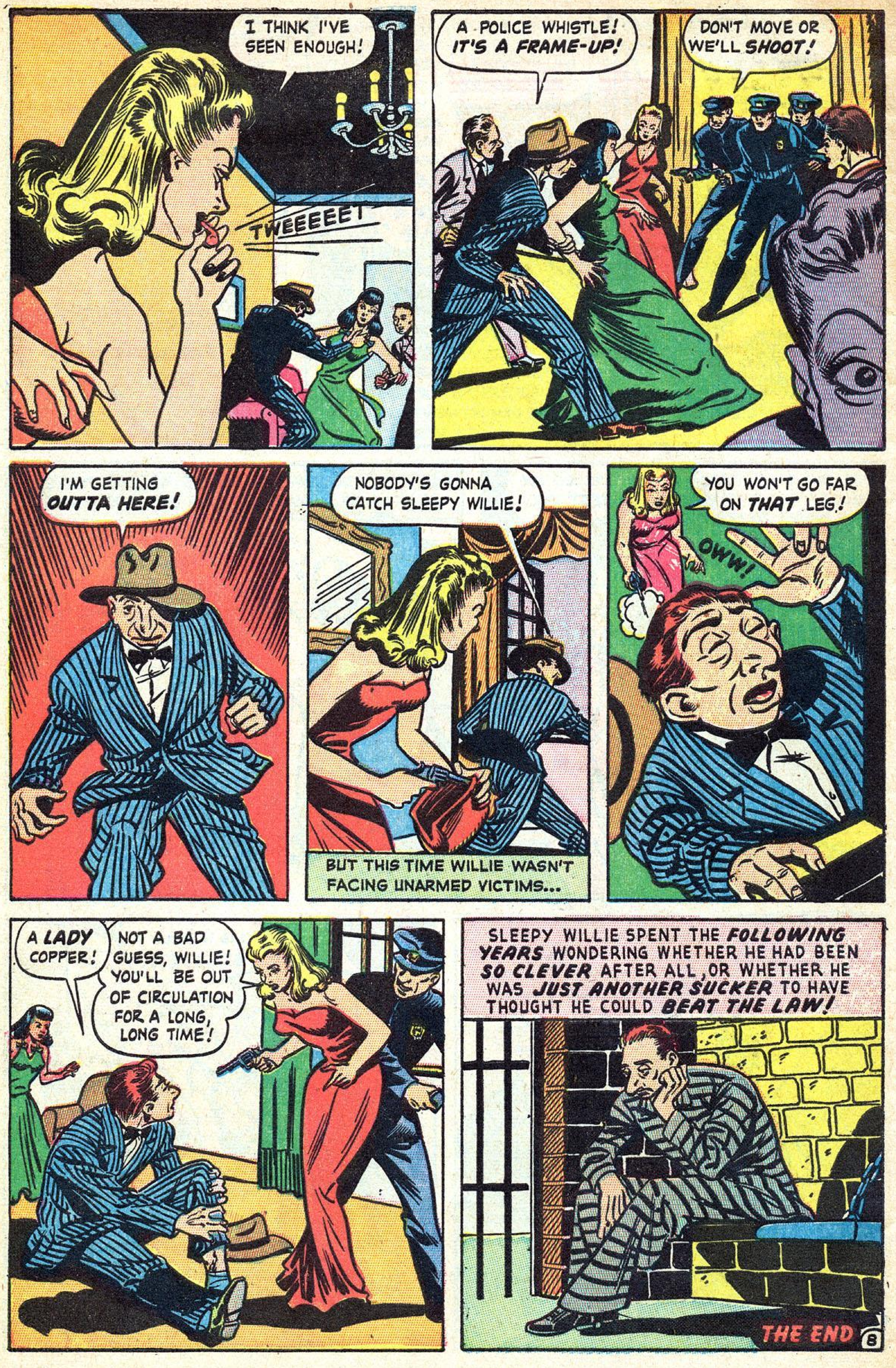

THINGS WENT PRETTY WELL FOR A TIME, UNTIL ONE DAY LATE IN SPRING... A DOCK WORKER NAMED JIM HOOVER HAD A TALK WITH WILLIE...
THE BOYS CALLED A MEETING, WILLIE! WE DECIDED TO STOP KICKING IN DOUGH TO YOU FOR PHONY PROTECTION!
IS **THAT** SO?


THAT'S MIGHTY FOOLISH! A LOTTA ACCIDENTS COULD HAPPEN!
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN, WILLIE! BECAUSE IF IT DOES, I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO THE COPS! I'LL TELL THEM WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!
JIM, YA ALWAYS DID TRY TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR ME! I KNOW IT'S YOU BEHIND THIS REFUSING TO PAY OFF! AND SLEEPY WILLIE WON'T FORGET IT!
JUST STAY OUT OF MY WAY! IT'LL BE HEALTHIER!
MAY 26TH, JIM HOOVER WAS LEAVING FOR WORK...
GOOD-BY, HONEY! SEE YOU LATER!
OKAY, JIM! YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!
AGHHH
I TOLD YA ACCIDENTS COULD HAPPEN! HA-HA-HA!
A FEW HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE DOCK...
HELLO, BOYS! DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE BAD ACCIDENT JIM HOOVER HAD?


SURE, WILLIE! WE--UH--HEARD ABOUT IT! WE-WE TALKED IT OVER AND DECIDED TO BUY A LITTLE MORE OF YOUR ACCIDENT INSURANCE.'
THAT'S PLAYING IT SMART! YEAH, YOU BOYS ARE GONNA LIVE TO A NICE, RIPE, OLD AGE!
THEN A COMPETITOR ENTERED THE FIELD...
THE MEN ON DOCK 16 ALREADY PAID PROTECTION TO VINCE CARMEL! WE AIN'T GONNA PAY TWICE!
VINCE CARMEL? SO HE'S GONE INTO THE "INSURANCE" BUSINESS, TOO!
YA KNOW SOMETHIN'? JUST GOT AN INSIDE TIP THAT VINCE CARMEL'S COMPANY IS GOIN' BANKRUPT! YES, SIR! THAT GUY'S PRACTICALLY OUTTA BUSINESS!
LATER, IN VINCE CARMEL'S HEADQUARTERS...
HEY, VINCE! I GOT BAD NEWS! SLEEPY WILLIE'S WISE THAT YOU'RE CUTTIN' IN ON HIS RACKET!
I BEEN EXPECTING THIS!
...AND HE'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU! Y' KNOW HE ISN'T THE TYPE TO PAY A FRIENDLY VISIT!
NEITHER AM I! HE BETTER WATCH HIS STEP, OR HE'LL BE CHEWING A BULLET!
NEXT DAY...
WHAT, WILLIE? YOU WANT TO TALK OVER A BUSINESS DEAL WITH ME? OKAY, I'LL MEET YOU AT TWELFTH AND LARUE STREETS! BUT YOU'D BETTER NOT PULL ANY TRICKS!
HERE I AM, WILLIE! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
I'VE BEEN THINKING THINGS OVER, VINCE! NO SENSE IN THE TWO OF US GUNNING FOR EACH OTHER!
THE CORNER OF TWELFTH AND LARUE STREETS, NEW YORK CITY...


THERE'S PLENTY IN THIS RACKET FOR BOTH OF US! LET'S SPLIT THE "TAKE" AND BE PALS! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I'LL BUY THAT, SLEEPY WILLIE! SHAKE!
C'MON, PAL, LET'S CELEBRATE! I KNOW THE OWNER OF THIS DUMP PERSONALLY!
RED DEN
CAFE
CAFE
TO OUR NEW PARTNERSHIP, VINCE! HERE'S HOPIN' IT PAYS OFF!
YOU'RE A SWELL GUY, WILLIE! HERE'S TO YA!
A PHONE CALL FOR MR. VINCE CARMEL! THE TELEPHONE BOOTH IS IN THE LOBBY, SIR!
THANKS! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, WILLIE!
HELLO-- HELLO! WHY, THERE'S NO ONE ON THE LINE!
SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT CLUB ORCHESTRA STRUCK UP A LOUD TUNE!
WHOEVER CALLED ME MUST'VE HUNG UP! HEY! WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?
OOOMPAH
OOOMPAH
THAT'S JUST SO NOBODY'LL HEAR YOUR PAY-OFF, PAL!
YOU DIRTY, DOUBLE CR-- AGHHHH!
BANG BANG
BANG


EVERYTHING SATISFACTORY, SIR?
YEAH! TAKE THIS HUNK OF MEAT AND DROP IT IN THE BAY! VINCE CARMEL WON'T BUTT INTO **MY** BUSINESS, ANYMORE!
YOU DID A GOOD JOB! SLEEPY WILLIE DON'T FORGET FAVORS!
THANK YOU, SIR! THANKS VERY MUCH! I'LL SEE THAT THINGS ARE ARRANGED ***AS YOU ORDERED!***
MEANWHILE, THE WONDERFUL MACHINE THAT IS THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT SEIZED ITS CHANCE TO GET INTO ACTION!
AT HEADQUARTERS...
SLEEPY WILLIE IS MOVING IN ON THE DANCE HALLS, FORCING THE OWNERS AND HOSTESSES TO PAY PROTECTION MONEY IF THEY DON'T WANT THE GIRLS ROUGHED UP AND THE HALLS WRECKED!
YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ***THERE,*** NELLIE! WE'VE PERSUADED ONE OWNER TO COOPERATE! HE'LL HIRE YOU AS A DANCE HALL HOSTESS...
I'LL DO MY ***BEST,*** SIR!
FOR DAYS, POLICEWOMAN NELLIE MALONE PLAYED THE ROLE OF A DIME-A-DANCE GIRL, AND FINALLY...
THERE'S SLEEPY WILLIE AND TWO OF HIS HOODLUMS NOW!
TOO BAD, GIRLIE! BUT THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE WOULDN'T PAY UP!
LET GO! YOU'RE ***HURTING*** MY ARM!
THIS IS ONLY A ***STARTER!***


I THINK I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!
TWEEEEET
A POLICE WHISTLE! IT'S A FRAME-UP!
DON'T MOVE OR WE'LL SHOOT!
I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!
NOBODY'S GONNA CATCH SLEEPY WILLIE!
BUT THIS TIME WILLIE WASN'T FACING UNARMED VICTIMS...
YOU WON'T GO FAR ON THAT LEG!
OWW!
A LADY COPPER!
NOT A BAD GUESS, WILLIE! YOU'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
SLEEPY WILLIE SPENT THE FOLLOWING YEARS WONDERING WHETHER HE HAD BEEN SO CLEVER AFTER ALL, OR WHETHER HE WAS JUST ANOTHER SUCKER TO HAVE THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT THE LAW!
THE END

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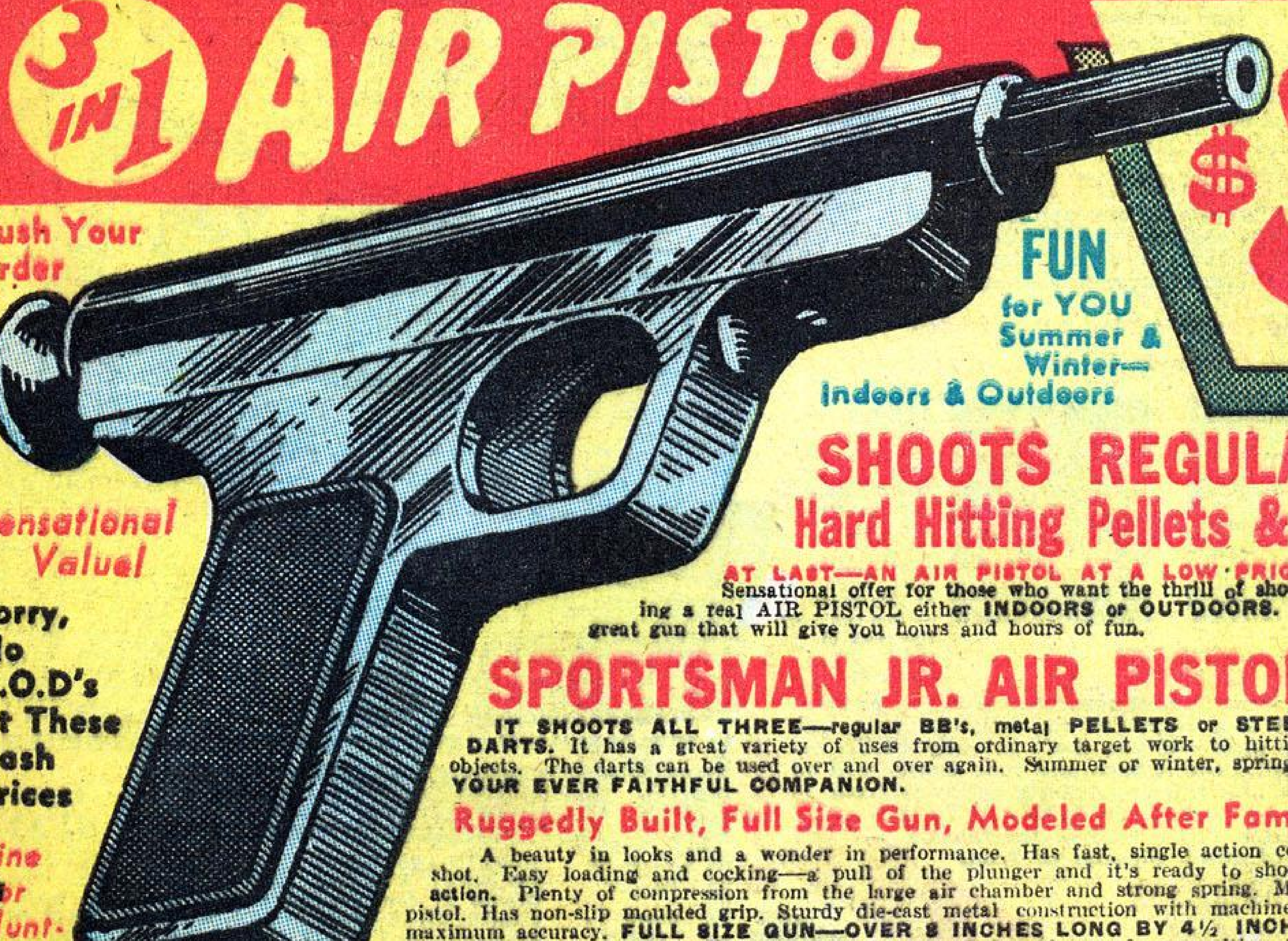

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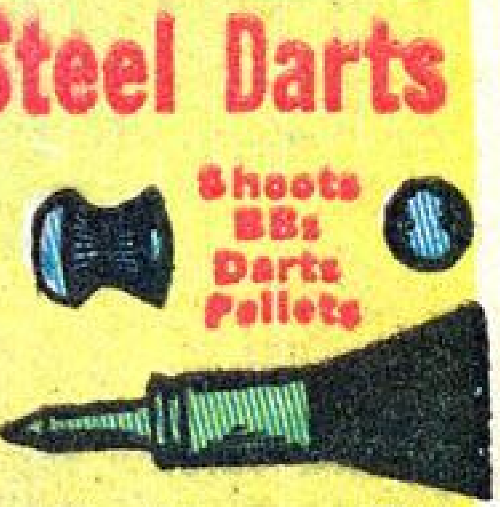

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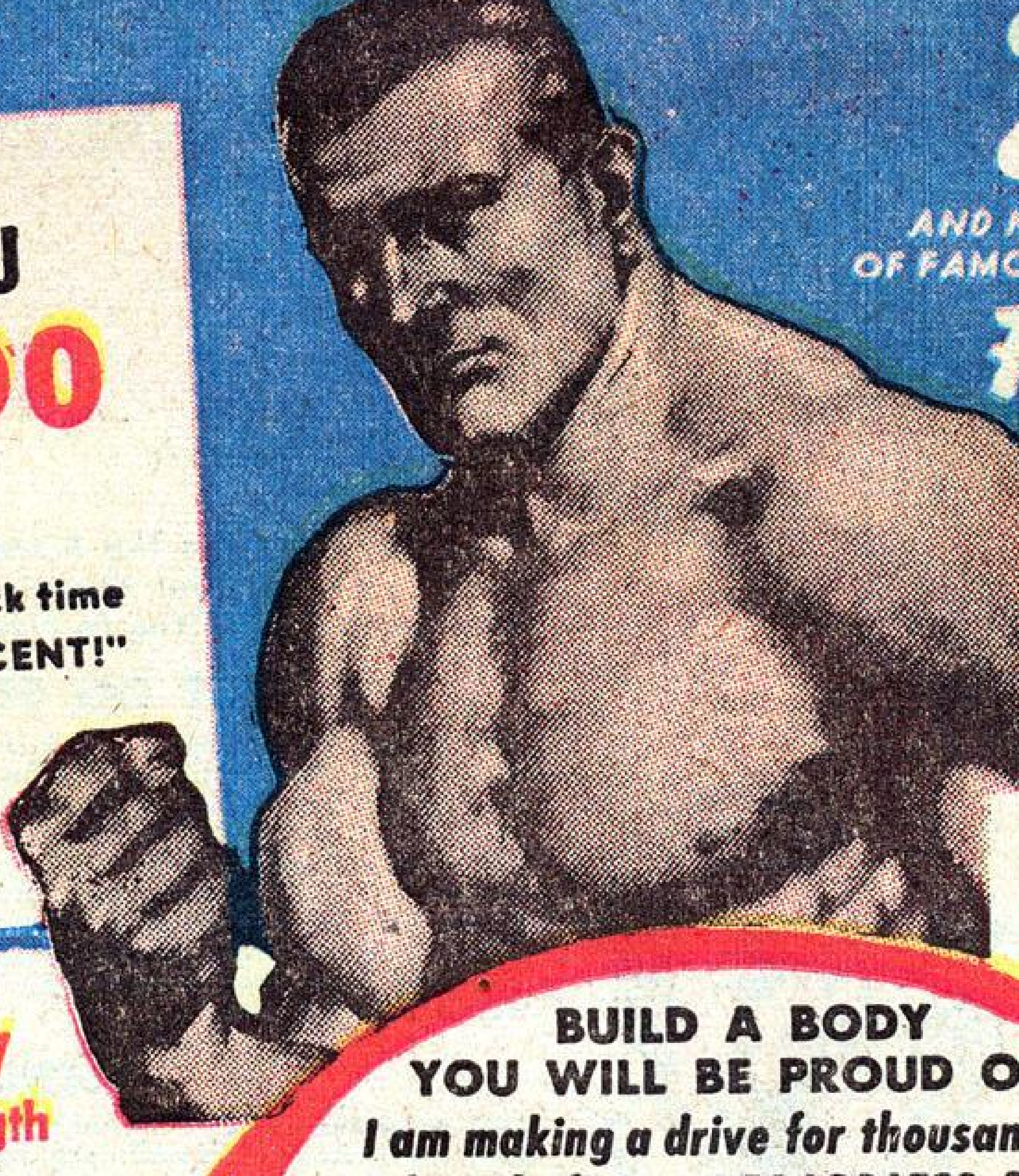

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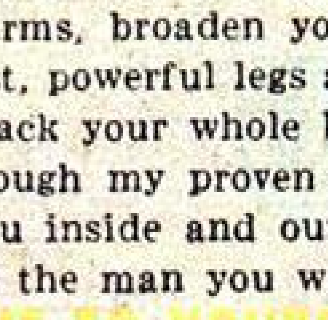

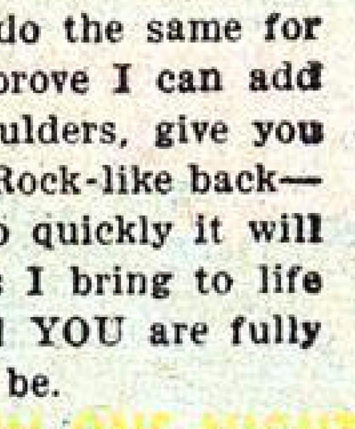

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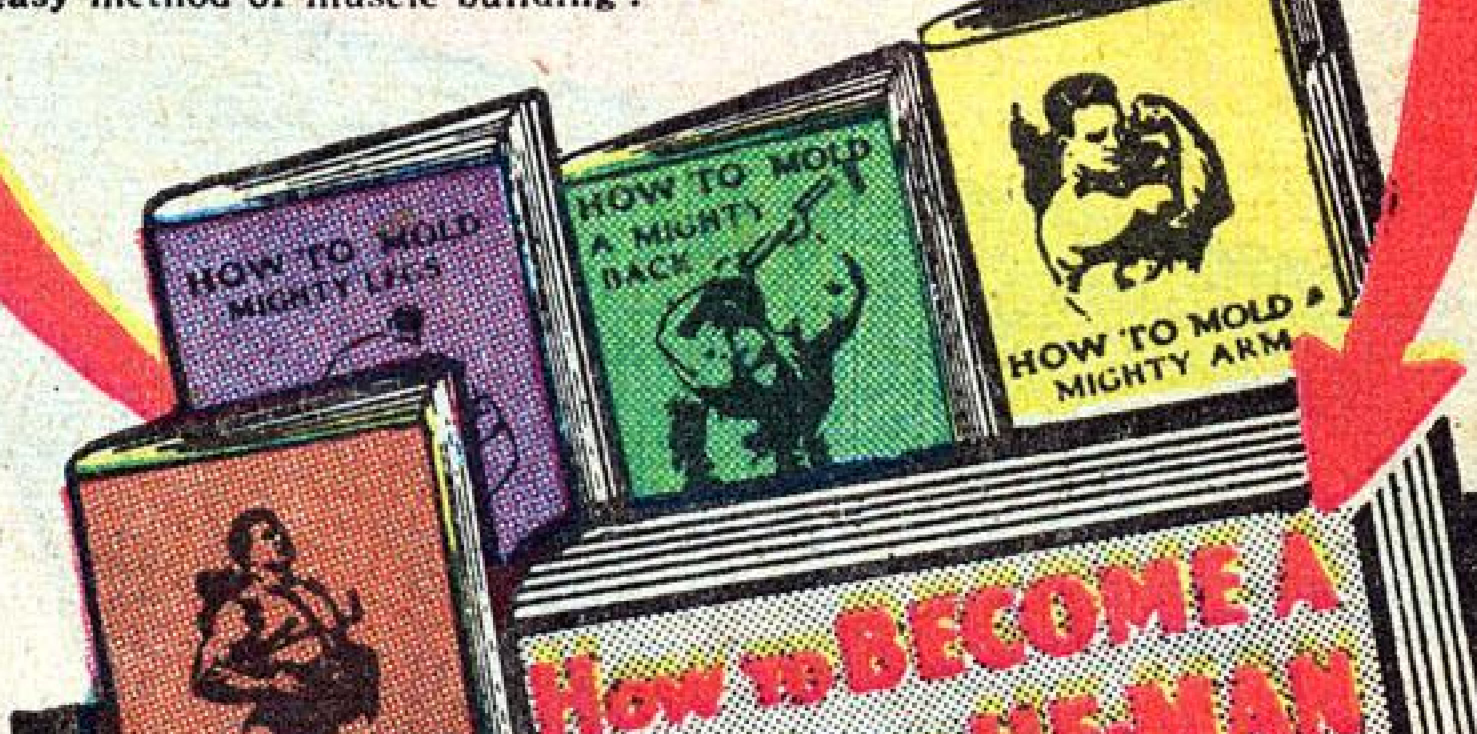
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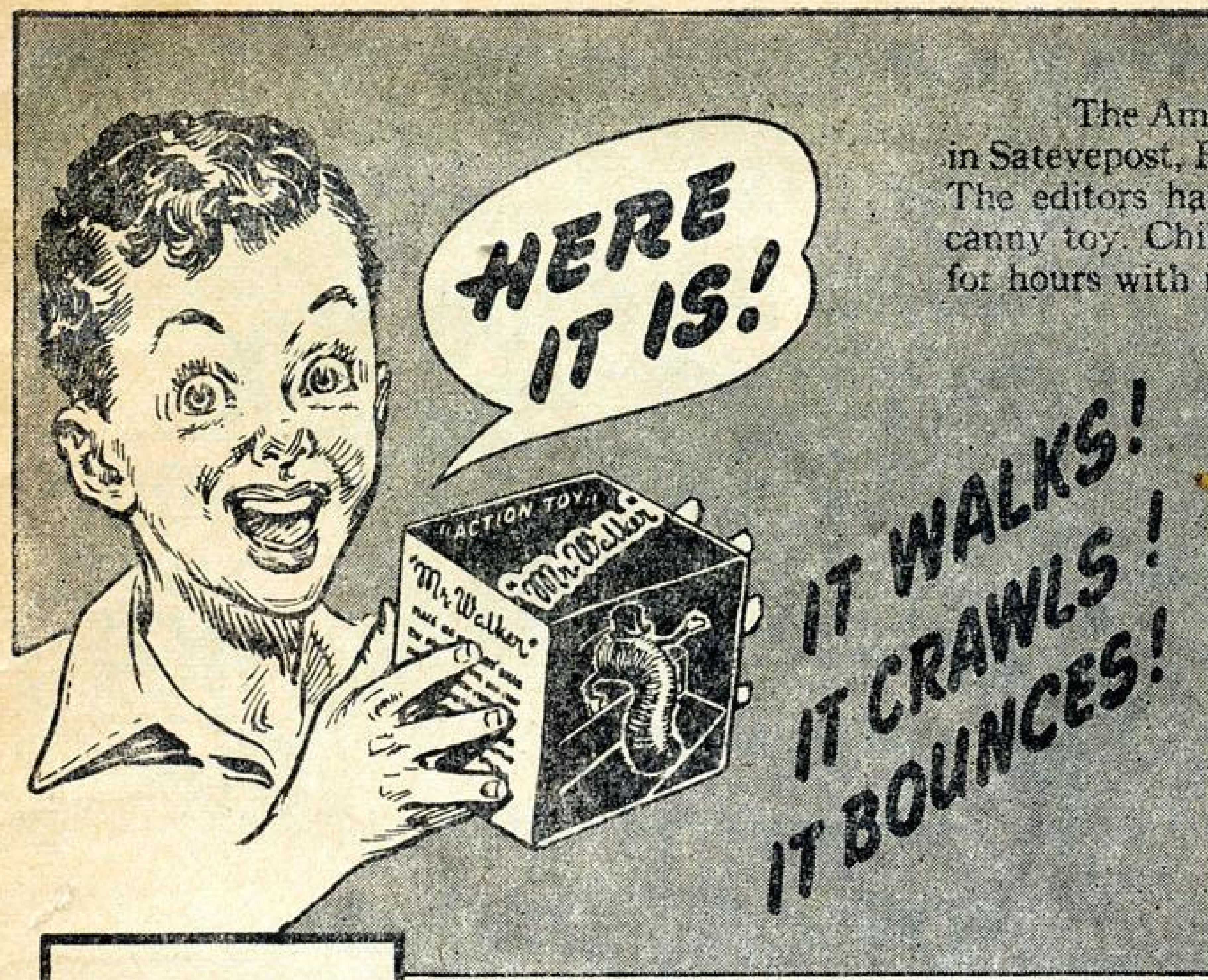

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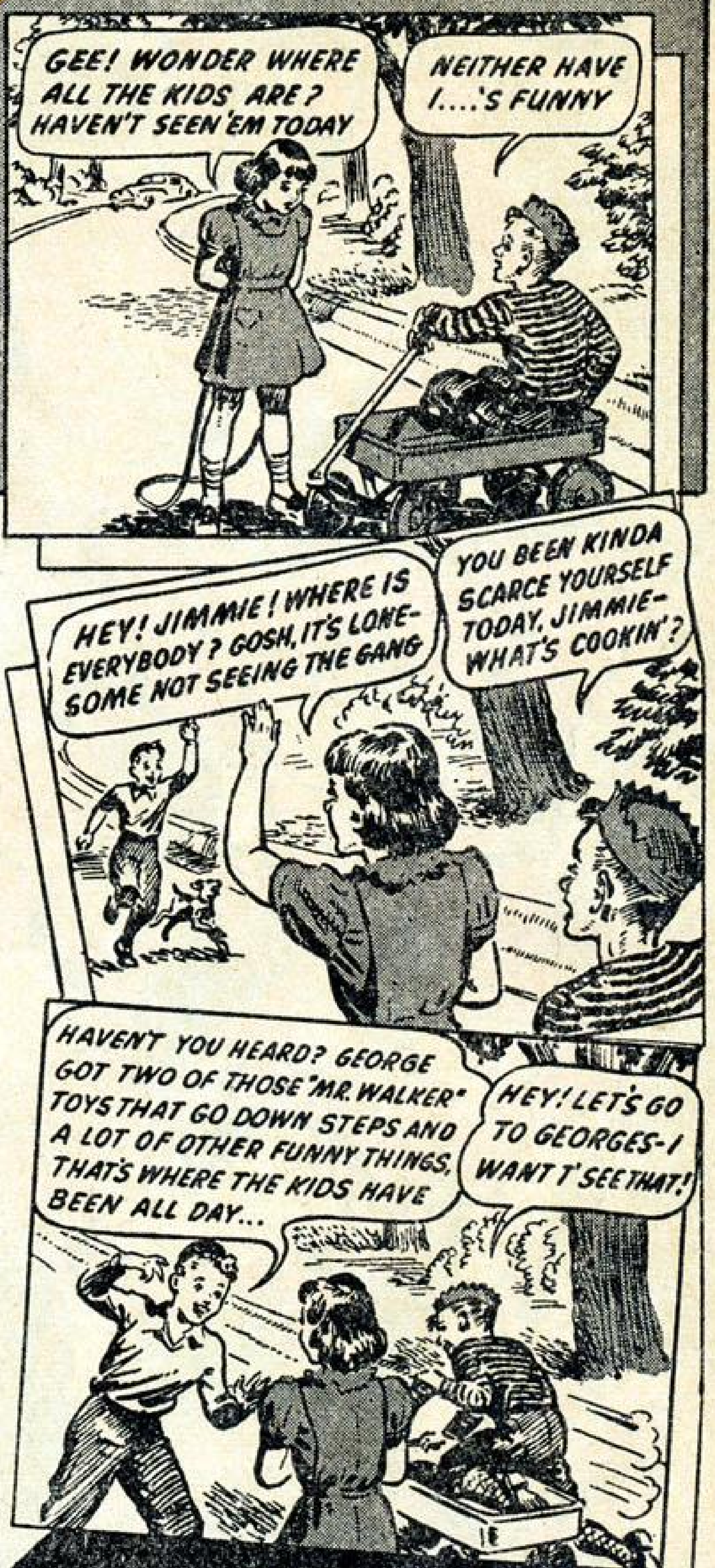

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